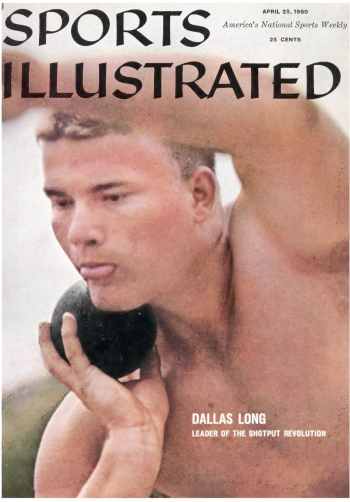


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APRIL 25, 1960

America's National Sports Weekly

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Cover: Dallas Long ▶

This huge young man is a key figure in the sudden rift of mixed performance in the shotput. Second-best now, Long may soon lead all the others. See story on page 22.

Photograph by Ernst Haas

Next week



▶ A preview by Whitney Tower of the 96th running of the Kentucky Derby and, in color, a portfolio of brilliant Churchill Downs paintings by Artist Marian Haberle.

▶ Golf for women is not the same as golf for men. In a three-part series, three great women pros share their secrets on hitting the long and short irons and the trap shot.

▶ Perhaps the most sporting community in the U.S. is Hollywood. Gerald Holtand examines the athletic dimensions of its inhabitants, from Keystone days to the present.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 240 Fox, Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60601. This issue is published in national and regional editions. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Subscription: U.S. & Canada \$7.50 one year.

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MEMO *from the publisher*

THE FIRST WOMAN for golf, so far as its dim early records reveal, was Mary Queen of Scots. "She played golf openly, gave it her blessing and the sport advanced thereafter," says *The Encyclopedia of Sports*.

Indeed it did. Latest evidence (not to mention the difference between modern clubs and those the Haunted Major uses in this issue) includes *Golf for Women*, which Doubleday publishes on May 26. It's a book the Queen might have cherished in the 16th century but the like of which has not been available until now.

A collaboration of outstanding women professional players, it deals with a situation which Professor Higgins sums up in *My Fair Lady* when he asks, "Why can't a woman be more like a man?"

Well, she can't. And a corollary is that she can't play golf in exactly the same way as a man. But *Golf for Women* tells how the gale can play it. Next week *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* begins publication of three chapters from the book: "The Long Drive" by Beverly



BARBARA ROMACK



LOUISE SUGGS



BEVERLY HANSON

Hanson, "The Short Irons" by Barbara Romack and "Trap Shots" by Louise Suggs—profusely illustrated with photographs of the authors in action.

Originator and coordinator of the book is Pat Hagan Murray. The only man involved in the work is Tommy Armour, who writes in the introduction: "In my many years of experience, the difference in teaching men and women has always been a great problem. Although both male and female have two legs and two arms, their structures differ, and inescapably men are much stronger and have greater athletic ability than women."

"When I first heard that this book was being published, I thought it was a project, not only constructive, but brilliant. These ladies know the game inside out. I have had the pleasure of discussing and playing golf with some of them, and I can definitely state that they know what they are talking about. This book will undoubtedly be a great boon to women golfers, and I would guess that a number of men could also pick up much valuable information."

And not for the first time by listening to the ladies.

Arthur Murphy

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EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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THE QUESTION: Which team is most improved in your league?



PAUL RICHARDS
Manager
Baltimore Orioles

I think that the Chicago White Sox and the Cleveland Indians are the most improved. It's a tossup between them. Al Lopez got the punch he needed in Fosse, Minors and Klinevick without sacrificing any defense. Cleveland plugged the hole at second with Temple and got additional help in Custer John Romano and, Third Baseman Bubba Phillips.



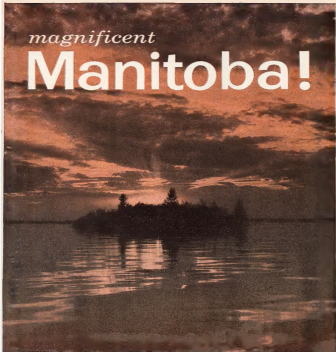
EDDIE SAWYER
Manager
Philadelphia Phillies

It's hard to say until you've seen the other or teams in action against your own club. But it would seem that the Giants got what they were after and are most improved with Blasingame at second and two new, fairly good pitchers in O'Dell and Loe. But you never know because every other team is also improved and has a better chance of winning.

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JIMMY BYKES
Manager
Detroit Tigers

Although it's a little early to be sure at this stage of the season, I'd say the most improved team is either Cleveland or Chicago. I lean a little toward the White Sox because they got some of what they didn't have last year, pinch in Freese and Minoso, in addition to Ted Kluszewski, whom they got late last season.



CHARLEY DRESSEN
Manager
Milwaukee Braves

The Pirates will be a lot better with their veterans back in form. All of them can't have had years again. Also, if the new Cubs come through, they're going to make min. However, the Giants' trade got them the second baseman they needed and two pitchers to round out a thin staff. I guess they're the most improved.



AL LOPEZ
Manager
Chicago White Sox

I see the White Sox as the most improved, and we haven't hurt our own playing to get what we wanted. We got the left-handed pitching that we needed, but most of all, we added Minoso and Freese to back up Ted Kluszewski for the power we lacked. In addition, both Minoso and Gene Freese can run.



BILL RIGNEY
Manager
San Francisco Giants

That's a tough question for me to answer because we may be more improved than the others. Most important is the fact that we're a year older and our young players now have two full seasons of major league experience. If Cincinnati gets good pitching, the team is going to be as tough as any to beat.

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Productions: GIMP, Arthur L. Shantry; GPF
PDC, Shantry GIMP; George J. Woodford, Gen
Tr. DeShaw, Langford Parry, Arthur A. Gold-
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Published in the *Shanghai Tribune*, 18 years, 2, November

Wetterbein et al. • Neurobiology of Mammalian Hibernation

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[illegible]

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The M_{n-1} , Part 2, Reactions, Dose, Toxicity, Effect

Comp. Agric. Exp. Stat. Bureau (1964)
Bureau of Census

Publisher: Arthur H. Mendenhall, Jr.



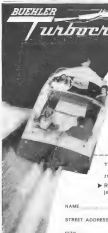
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SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries
of the Week

+++ , --- , !!! , ???

Before they can even approach the starting line in Rome this summer, Olympic hopefuls the world over will have to cross some hurdles calculated to make the strongest of them hesitate. These hurdles are not standards of performance required for acceptance, but a set of questions prepared by a socio-medico group working through the Italian Olympic Committee. The questions are easy enough to nettles a psychiatrist.

Rome's questionnaire begins like any other, with a blank space for name, address, date of birth, etc. Then it gets sticky. Without warning, the athlete is asked to rate his social status in much the way New York's *Daily News* rates movies (i.e., three pluses, two pluses, one plus), and to tell whether he was breast- or bottle-fed. Then, pencil hovering, he must decide whether his marriage can be classified as 1) good, 2) mediocre or 3) bad. After revealing his sense (What school or college?) and his sensibilities (Does he like drawing?) the athlete is asked to rate his sexuality or sexual behavior—once again on *Daily News* scale (three pluses, two pluses, one plus or, alas, a minus).

That hurdle, No. 73, is the last on the track, which is probably just as well. But there is one more question—not on the list—which the U.S. Olympic Committee intends to ask: Is filling out the questionnaire compulsory? "Under the rules as they stand," said the U.S. committee's J. Lyman Bingham last week, "the only information an athlete is required to give is his name, date and place of birth, and his event."

Gesundheit!

Before a cheering audience of beer drinkers in the village of Aibling last week, red-vested, clear-eyed, non-allergic Willi Adler walked off with

the all-Bavaria snuff-snuffing championship for 1993. His impressive score: five grams of snuff within the prescribed two-minute limit with no spills and no sneezes.

Error on Hornsby

Like a Spanish-American War veteran claiming there hasn't been a real battle since San Juan Hill, irascible old Rogers Hornsby was recalling the great days of baseball—the days when he himself was one of those who made it great.

"You can't even compare Williams and Musial with the real greats of the past," roused the Rajah. "They just aren't in a class with some of your all-time great hitters. Look at the record books and you'll see what I mean."

So, meaning no offense to Rog, we decided to do just that—and this is



Rogers remembers

what we found:

Remembering that Williams has played 16 full seasons and Musial 18 while Hornsby's oldsters all played 21 or more, the recordshow Ted and Stan could shame much of the opposition with a baseball bat.

They rank fifth and sixth in total home runs, and Ruth is the only Hornsby era star with more. Musial puts the likes of Tris Speaker to shame: 412 homers to 115, 1,678 runs batted in to 1,559, and 1,339 extra-base hits to 1,132. Williams' .346 lifetime average is baseball's fourth highest among 15-year men and up.

Even the wondrous Horns Wagner, it was found, could hardly be bat boy for Williams and Musial with his .329 lifetime average and puny 101 homers. And that famed slugger Rogers Hornsby himself would hit lower in the lineup than the modern stars he says "can't compare." The Rajah's alltime .358 average tops them, but he hit fewer homers, batted in fewer runs and got fewer extra-base hits.

Well, Rog, the Marines were pretty good at San Juan Hill, but they did all right at Two Jims, too.

Isawbic, Isawbic, Rañ Rañ Rañ

When Kansas State Football Coach Doug Weaver and Basketball Coach Tex Winter dropped over to Salina, Kans. the other day to plug their scheduled in a lecture at a local civic club, they found to their dismay that a representative of their bitter rival, the University of Kansas, was delivering a lecture for the opposition at a hall just down the street.

That was bad enough, but what really hurt the State sportsmen was



BEST FOR NEWCOMER

Here, pending final approval by New York City's Board of Estimate, is the seat in which the third major league may soon be hatched.

Unveiled in model form last week, the new stadium to be erected in Flushing Meadows will seat 25,000, have 1,500 parking spaces, allow for future addition of 25,000 more seats (below) and a sliding roof.



the discovery that the U. of K. man, Dean George Waggoner, withdrew them 115 to 89 with a lecture on—of all things—poetry.

Britannia Rules the Roads

In Britain last week, a jury of part-time pedestrians decided that Stirling Moss, runner-up for last year's world driving championship, should be given an opportunity to do a little walking. After deliberating an hour and 59 minutes, they found him guilty of dangerous driving on a public highway and suspended his operator's license for 12 months. While the action does not bar Moss from future races, it does, for the moment anyway, put him right in line with a number of his countrymen who were striding vigorously through the news.

Of these, two were British sergeants recently arrived in the U.S. to better the current 79-day transcontinental walking record. As Sergeants Mervyn Evans and Patrick Moloney stepped out smartly from San Francisco on the first leg of their 8,000-mile jaunt to New York last week they were closely pursued (24 hours behind) by redoubtable, 56-year-old Dr. Barbara Moore.

Hot on the trail of the sergeants, Dr. Moore, the Kansas-born wife of a British subject, paused only to emphasize she would complete the transcontinental hike in 45 days flat.

None of this, of course, indicated any permanent British distaste for that aspect of the American Dream which asks, "Why walk when you can ride?" At the opening of the International Automobile Show in Manhattan, British industry was proudly displaying a gold-plated Jaguar, valued at \$25,040 and capable of attaining 125 mph. Its far-from-pedestrian accessories included gold bumpers, gold ashtrays and gold tread pedals. "As an added measure of British thoroughness," a spokesman added, "the car has gold screws in every place a screwhead is visible."

Life of a Gamesman

BACK in 1904 a fabulously prosperous young Wisconsin paper man decided that he was rich enough to quit work and start playing. During the next half century Sidney Samuel Lenz became, at one time or another, a champion table-tennis player, the amateur bowling champion of Amer-

ica, a golfer consistently in the 70s, an expert dancer, such an accomplished magician that he could easily have turned pro, and a famous card player.

Immediately after quitting work, Lenz traveled around the world, stopping for a year in India to learn the rope trick. This he soon abandoned in favor of a new variant of whist then fashionable among Britain's colonials—auction bridge. Six years later he was national whist champion, and four years after that national bridge champion as well.

Lenz's play, like his card tricks, was ingenious and deceptive—a combination that led him to shun gambling at the bridge table, lest opponents think he had cheated them with sleight of hand.

In 1926 the new book *Lenz on Bridge* became a bestseller, but its author steadfastly refused to give lessons, though offered as much as \$1,000 for a single session.

A man of strong habit and firm opinion, who believed that cards should be held "tight to the vest," and that "hearty meals clogged the brain," Sidney Lenz sedulously practiced magic tricks for an hour a day for half a century and played a single game of solitaire every night before retiring—a custom allowed him by lifelong bachelorhood.



Lenz (center, left) at "Bridge Battle"

In all, he won 1,100 card trophies and prizes in tournament play, yet is best known for a defeat: the "Bridge Battle of the Century," a 186-cuber match, played to World Series-like fanfare, in which Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson beat Lenz and his two partners, one of them Oswald Jacoby, while a young Army officer named Alfred Gruenther reformed.

That match established Culbertson as the country's bridge king and sent Lenz into gradual eclipse. But the death of Sidney Lenz last week at the age of 86 deprived the world of a man who, in the words of his famed successor, Charles Goren, was "without doubt the greatest card player of his era, if not of all time."

FACES IN THE CROWD



JOHN TEMPLE, 18, Kansas City high school senior who first began collecting memorabilia in 1955, was given National Rifle Association's highest junior honor, the Distinguished Rifle medal.



BEN FERGUSON, pre-declared major at University of California, center on school's Rugby squad, led team to its second undefeated season by scoring 35 points in 14 games. 29 more points in meet at Cal's opponents.



LYNN BURCK, 17, new, part paid star at Santa Clara (Calif.) Swim Club, set American records in 100- and 200-yard backstrokes with times of 1:02 and 2:18.7 in National AAU Championships at Buckleville, Okla.



VASEK HOVSEPIAN, University of Oregon, became third-highest debutant scorer in history (behind Russia's Vasily Kosenkov and UCLA's Rafer Johnson) when he piled up 8,176 points in meet at Eugene, Ore.



FREEMAN NORMAN MANGLE received special medal at 50th Japanese Intercollegiate track meet for having won six events in the 1910 meet, including 1500-yard 100-yard dash, a record that stood for 46 years.



NICK CHRISTWOLF, a swimmer at Eckman's Gymnasium School, rode his father's 11-year-old jumper Duff Ram to hairbreadth victory in 50th running of My Lady's Manor point-to-point race at Moulton, Me.



Left: Frank Gifford, New York Giant back, in the final year of the Amonk Hotel in Jamaica. Photos by club member Tom Kelly.

Below: Recreation members: Frank Gifford (in shirt), Warren Miller, Bob Cooper; Art Funder with paddle.



Gifford picks up the check

This is the only check we ever allowed Frank to pick up on a Jantzen International Sports Club expedition; club members are never outflummied.

Our primary method, however, of keeping members happy is to let them wear our superb Jantzen sportswear; this Scotch check is an example. The easy-going jacket, trimmed with terry, and the comfortable zip-fit trunks are made of 100 percent long cotton; the check is the new pattern that takes over where plaids left off last year after quite a few seasons of popularity.

Note the careful tailoring. Our years of designing

sportswear specifically for sportsmen lead men to say, "Anything as long as it's a Jantzen." The terry-lined jacket, here in navy and red, is \$11.95; the zip-fit trunks are \$6.00; and the Scotch check is match-mated to women's. Other sportswear fabrics range from cords and hopsacking to ginghams, from paisleys and madras patterns to solids.

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THE COST OF GRANDMA'S FUNERAL

IT MAY BE that Grandma, that accommodating old darling of the expedient demise, need no longer bite the dust in the baseball season. Instead of pleading her funeral in order to manage an afternoon at the ball park, the office boy in these times is more likely to offer himself as the sacrificial victim by flashing a union contract and pointing out the clause involving sick leave. And instead of riding to the funeral for 5¢, as his own Grandma did when he started the classic deception, today's mourner drives his own convertible and pays upward of 50¢ to park it, for the cost of everything has risen considerably since Grandma was first obliged to kick the bucket.

If the errand office boy in question, for instance, was one of the 42,289 enthusiastic fans who skipped work to cram into the San Francisco Giants' spanking-new Candlestick Park on Opening Day last week, getting rid of the convertible alone cost him as much as \$2. With all the trimmings, including mustard on his jumbo hot dog, the price of a ball game at Candlestick today sets a new high for the national game. Bleacher admission there is 96¢, general admission to the grandstand \$1.50, reserved seats \$3.50, box seats \$3.50 and deluxe box seats average out to nearly \$7 a game. General parking is 75¢ but it involves a long hike, and preferred season parking averages out to about \$2 a throw.

This is a far cry from the days before World War I, when a really ardent fan in Brooklyn could watch the Dodgers play at old Washington Park for 5¢—the toll started for sitting on a fire escape on the block of flats just across the street. It is a far cry, too, from the days before World War II, when a smoothie in Kansas City could take his girl to lunch at the Plantation Grill, listen to Ted Weems and his new vocalist Perry Como, drive to Mushlebach Field, park and watch the Kansas City Blues, all (lunch, Weems, Como, ball game) for less than \$5.

The really interesting fact about the price of a ball game, however, is not that it has risen so much, but that it has risen so little. "The West Coast," says the Tigers' Bob Seeshieler, "has it made. That's virgin territory and the fans there don't know about the old days, but our fans have long memories. You can't jack up the prices on them. Our expenses have tripled in the last 13 years, but our prices have pretty much held the line." The same is true for most of the East Coast and Middle West big league cities in a decade during which the cost of all forms of recreation has risen (according to the U.S. Consumer Price Index) from 103.4 to 117.3, and the value of the dollar itself dwindled in buying power from 97.3 to 79.6. You can still sit in the bleachers in any of the big league ball parks for six bits, and get the best, or nearly the best, box seat for \$3.50. The only drastic new expense comes in the price of parking, and that is not a hazard exclusive to baseball.

All in all, it seems that in 1960 Grandma's funeral is still about the best show there is for the money.

NOTES

POOR START

Two weeks ago we congratulated the State of Pennsylvania on the selection of a harness racing commissioner (Lawrence Sheppard) who, unlike most political appointees in his field, is a recognized authority in the sport. Last week New York saw fit to fire

its deputy commissioner, Michael Monz, and this time we are offering no congratulations.

Mike Monz, 45, is a tough little man of iron integrity who served under Tom Dewey in the famed anti-rackets investigations, moved with Dewey to the District Attorney's office, and was appointed to his harness job in 1954. He is now by all odds the best-informed and most capable trotting official in the state.

In six years Mike Monz has earned the respect of horsemen all across the land. If he has made any enemies, they exist only in the ranks of politicians, whose lighthearted approach to the serious problem of policing this multimillion-dollar sport he has refused to tolerate.

Governor Nelson Rockefeller's new harness racing commission did little to improve the political breed when it fired Mike Monz.

SHABBIER SHOW

No matter what you say about it, once you discover it has become shabby, a jacket will look no less shabby the next time you put it on. This came to mind last week when the TV people saw fit to rebroadcast the golf match between Sam Snead and Mason Rudolph, which had already achieved notoriety as a shabby show (SI, April 18). The unctuous statements which accompanied the rebroadcast made it plain that the entrepreneurs of the show were wittingly capitalizing on their shabby notoriety. This made the rebroadcast as even shabbier show.

THEY SAID IT

HENRY LeBLANC, president of the Sportsmen's Clubs of Texas, on the need for safety at sea: "Statistics show that most drowning victims lack life preservers."

GEORGE BARNES, president of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, on an ancient tradition of the game he heads: "The term 'loss' confuses people. It tends to put the sport into the wrong category, namely, a losing game."



ROARING DOWN TO THE FINISH LINE AT NASSAU, 183 MILES FROM THE START, "MEPPIE" DOES 50 MPH TO LEAD THE PACK ACROSS

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**
APRIL 26, 1969

GLORY BE TO

WHEN the red flag dropped and the 23 boats roared to full throttle for the start of the 183-mile Miami-Nassau Ocean Power Boat Race last Wednesday, clouds were scudding through the tops of the palms that line the shores of Government Cut. A late-season northeaster had kept small-craft warnings flying until noon the day before, and the wind had diminished little overnight. "The most rugged ocean race in the world," the official bulletins of Nassau's Coral Harbour Yacht Club had said, and the weather bureau was cooperating to make the boast come true.

In Government Cut the water lay smooth. Aboard Dick Bertram's *Meppie* I was slammed back into my chair as Skipper Sam Griffith gunned the engines, the fleet dropped astern and the wake stretched like a wide white road back toward our nearest competitors, a road that grew steadily longer. Dick Bertram and I looked at each other in amazement as the gap

opened. We grinned. We had believed other boats would be faster in calm water and based our victory hopes on the performance of our V-stern Hunt design in the heavy seas of the open ocean and the punishing chop of the Bahama Bank.

Among our rivals was Forest Johnson in *Toots*, latest of his Prowler creations, powered by twin 325-hp Crusaders, which dockside gossip credited with speeds approaching 60 mph. There was another Prowler, *Black Caesar III*, with nearly as much power and speed. There was *Miss Palm Springs*, a stripped-down Abbey, and two water jet-powered Bushier Turbocraft. We had assumed that these boats at least would take *Meppie* on the flat.

After a mile *Meppie* hit the first ocean swell beyond the breakwater. That ended our verbal enthusiasm. We pulled on the skindivers' facemasks, brought up protection against flying spray, and held on tight. As a

sailboat sailor I was not hep to the ways of the high-speed-and-power world. "It's like parachute jumping," Sam Griffith had told me before my first ride the previous Saturday. "You don't need much experience."

And, in truth, I felt like an astronaut practicing in his three-dimensional merry-go-round: loop, circle and spin all at once. We suffered an astronaut's weightlessness. Objects not fastened down—like myself—repeatedly hung suspended in space. Each re-entry brought the suspended object back on the deck of *Meppie* with a solid smack. Some shocks were severe enough to bounce the face mask from eyes to chin. The tubular aluminum chairs all disintegrated rapidly under our weight, and we threw them overboard. The two con-steering members of the crew adopted a variety of positions which had nothing to do with human dignity or comfort. The problem was to find a way to hold yourself both up and down—at the



A STORM-TOSSED SEA WITH SKIPPER SAM GRIFFITH AT THE HELM, OWNER BERTRAM PRONE AND WRITER MITCHELL HANGING ON

POWER

In a bone- and record-breaking eight-hour run from Miami to Nassau, 'Moppie' converts a sailboat sailor

by CARLETON MITCHELL

same time. The spray from the bow wave jetted out like water from a fire hose, fanning sheets of water 50 feet to either side that blew off to leeward like heavy smoke.

ENJOYING THE RIDE

My sailing colleagues may doubt this, but as soon as I was convinced Moppie would head right side up after each succeeding sea, I began enjoying myself. Even to one unfamiliar with the type it was obvious she was a wonderful sea boat: 30 feet over-all, built to designs by C. Raymond Hunt of Marblehead in the yard of Richard H. Bertram in Miami by workmen only recently from Havana, Moppie's underwater form was unusual—V-shaped not only forward but all the way back to the transom. General practice is to rely on a flat stern to gain planing effect which lessens drag and adds speed. Our hull also had a series of longitudinal strakes designed to help lift the boat

onto a plane and to contribute stability by lessening the tendency of the boat to roll.

In the Gulf Stream a steep, confused sea was running, and Moppie immediately came into her own. Within minutes the deck had dwindled to dabs wreathed in spray. Long before the skyline of Miami Beach dropped below the horizon the rest of the boats were out of sight astern. The twin 275-hp Interceptor engines alternately roared and purred as Sam Griffith nursed us over the biggest seas, careful not to let the propellers come out of the water. We had a pair of soft-metal propellers. Bertram had been unable to get any of the specially hardened props designed to stand the stresses that occur when they pop in and out of the water. Watching Sam steer and handle the throttle, I realized that as much delicacy of touch and sense of conditions was required here as in taking a 12-meter sailing yacht to windward.

Meanwhile, a number of the other boats were in trouble. *Miss Pats Springs* had barely cleared the breakwater when both engines began to pull away from the hull mountings, and she withdrew. Five competitors returned after sampling the offshore seas. Two needed Coast Guard escort. *Three Hearts Jr.* made 15 miles before needing a tow back to port.

Aboard *Flora*, a Hunt design built under license by Fairey Marine of England, Driver Charles Compton smiled smokes when he was 15 miles west of Cat Cay. Compton lifted the engine hatch to investigate, and he was blown overboard by a tremendous explosion. His crew jumped after him. Both were picked up 20 minutes later by the cruiser *Merry Jane*, which was in the predicted log division of the race. They were landed and flown to the hospital in Nassau while *Flora* burned to the water and sank.

Continued

Meppie was still plunging along, and we began looking for Gun Cay light. Surprise! And an unpleasant one: another boat became visible to the northward slightly forward of the beam. Sam quit nursing the propellers. If one boat could have sneaked past, hidden by flying spray, there might be others. We caught up with the unexpected competitor quickly. It was *Aqua Hyster*, a 23-foot version of our hull built by George O'Day Associates and powered by 191n 80-hp Volvo inboard-outboard Aquamatics. Not having to worry about

Hyster. Getting clearance into the Bahamas and taking aboard a drum of fuel occupied exactly two minutes. Then we were off across the Great Bahama Bank, with 62 miles to go to the Northwest Light, our next check point. We had anticipated smooth water on the bank, but the seas were still steep and lumpy.

By now the wind had freshened above 20 knots. Dick Bertram took over the wheel while Sam and I refueled. A fine spray of high-octane gasoline wafted into eyes, nose and hair as we transferred fuel from drum to tank with siphon and pump. From then on we slowed only to allow the compass to stop oscillating so we could get a bearing on the sun and the angle of the seas on the bow. At 12:35 Meppie passed the anchored race committee vessel. We had picked Northwest Light dead on the button in spite of a 10° compass error we discovered early in the race.

Nature divides the 160-nautical-mile course into three convenient and almost equidistant legs: the first across the Gulf Stream from Miami to Cat Cay, the second across the shadow Great Bahama Bank to Frasier's Hog Cay, one of the Berry Islands, and the third to Nassau.

A turbulent sea greeted us beyond Northwest Light. We abandoned the direct course to hug the edge of soundings, avoiding reefs by checking the color of the water—true Bahamian pilotage.

At Frasier, approximately 15 gallons of gasoline were taken aboard in four minutes, and Meppie was on the last leg. The ocean was as rough as I had ever seen it from the deck of any craft. Wind velocity reached approximately 30 knots. Even the most hardened sheath-knife ocean-racing sailor would have conceded conditions rugged. Yet Meppie pushed steadily through. At times the effect was something like diving from a second-story window into a neighboring cellar piled with bricks, but neither engines nor hull faltered, nor did Sam Griffith lose his touch at the wheel.

Griffith had won two of the three previous Miami-Nassau races and has held numerous world powerboat racing records. Around Miami Griffith is a legendary figure. "A wild man," friends had warned me before the start. Among Griffith's exploits were surviving a jump from a bomber in

the war when his parachute didn't open, finishing a powerboat marathon while driving with one hand and scooping water aboard with his helmet to keep a cockpit fire under control. Nothing bothers him. Sam has the stoic tolerance for discomfort and punishment necessary to succeed in all racing where endurance is a factor. Farther, he is always superbly in tune with his machine. A lead-footed driver at the wheel can cause an early breakdown in this kind of marathon racing.

SHAMBLES TO SHIPNAME

I remembered the shambles in Bertram's yard a few days before the start: engines dismantled, workmen swarming all over the hull. I remembered Sam's care in the midst of it all as he prepared for this test. It was paying off. He was taking no chances now on equipment failure, driving the boat to the utmost, yet with discretion.

Now he was peering through sheets of spray for the outline of the New Providence shore. Much depended on the accuracy of our landfall. I kept glancing at my watch but said nothing. According to my rough calculations we still had a chance to break the existing course record of eight hours four minutes. Then I sighted the familiar silhouettes of Goulding Cay over the bow exactly where we expected it. "Sam," I belted across, "you can break the record." He stared at me through his face mask and shook his head. "No chance." But Goulding came rapidly closer as the minute hand moved around the dial.

Suddenly I was sure and yelled again. This time he believed, and he began to drive with fury. Meppie accelerated to a speed where spray stung my raw face like flying shot. Sunburn cream was less than seven feet away, but I had gone over seven hours without being able to reach it. With smoother water under the lee of the land Sam opened the throttles wide, turning up 4,160 revs on both engines. Meppie literally flew, skittering over the crests at 50 mph. I looked from the second hand of my watch to the shore and back again. I must say, it was one of the most exciting climaxes of my competitive career. I was gripped by the elation of sheer speed. We flashed across the finish exactly at 3 o'clock; eight hours to the minute from our start in Miami.



WINNING TRIO. Owner Dick Bertram, Skipper Sam Griffith and Waker Charles Mitchell, relax after their victory.

his propellers. Driver Jim Wynne was pushing his craft to the limit. He had designed the unique shaft and prop assembly and knew how much they could take. His little vessel was coming off crests, leaping clear with sky showing beneath the entire length of the keel. Meppie promptly ran away from Wynne, because of our greater over-all length and advantage in horsepower.

Thundering up to the dock at the Cat Cay check point at 9:30 a.m., we were nine minutes ahead of *Aqua*

WINNING FORMS IN THE RACE

Boats by Alvin Scott



FIRST PLACE: TWIN INBOARDS

Hull of winning boat *Mopple Gorge* (drawing above), designed by C. Raymond Hunt, has four underwater strakes on each side of bottom which resist rolling action plus a sharp V-shaped hull from bow all the way back to stern. These innovations produce much safer ride than conventional hull with flat stern sections. Twin propellers (shown) from inboard engines power boat.



SECOND PLACE: OUTBOARD-DESIGN

Stern view of second-place boat *Aqua Hunter*, which is also a V-bottom design by Hunt, shows how outboard-type Aquamatic shaft and props were mounted on boat. Power for props comes from Volvo engines inside hull. Advantage of design is that shaft will snap upward if it strikes underwater object, thus avoiding damage to propeller. Prop-shaft units turn to steer the boat.

We had set a new record. *Aqua Hunter* came in two hours 23 minutes later, second over-all despite the fact she carried less than half the power possessed by other competitors. It was a remarkable demonstration of the efficiency of the Hunt design in rough water.

The rest of the fleet did not do as well. Three boats gave up for the night and tied astern of the committee boat at Northwest Light. Seven reached Fraziers Hog Cay and decided to stay there. The driver of one Turbojet found he would not have enough fuel for the run from Cat Cay to Frazier and turned back. The other came on and ran short of fuel off the Berry Island. It had to be refueled at sea.

Squall King had engine failure ap-

proaching Northwest Light and sank after being taken in tow by a passing freighter. Only Bob Cox in the Johnson outboard-powered trimaran *Seed* continued through the night, leaving Frazier at 1:15 a.m. to cross the finish four hours later, third over-all as well as winner of the outboard division for the second consecutive year. Asked about leaving the snug harbor of Frazier to push across the dark and turbulent Tongue of the Ocean, he shrugged: "Hell, the coffee there isn't very good anyway."

Critics may feel such a race is only a stunt, but having completed the course I am convinced it serves the entire sport of boating. Before the official time limit of the race expired at sunset Thursday, 13 of 23 starters had finished and not only had lessons

been learned from the design of the winners but also from those forced to turn back. Just as road racing has improved the stamina and performance of the family automobile and offshore yacht racing has brought about healthier cruising sailboats, so this race of the powerboats across the open ocean from Miami to Nassau has resulted in more seaworthy and dependable family craft, able to get safely back to port if caught by a storm. Theorists are one thing, the test of the sea another.

Fingering my bruises and sitting tenderly as I write, I think of a comment by Dick Bertram, my shipmate on many another passage: "Ocean racing in a powerboat will never replace sailing, but it's a lot of fun." Amen, and pass the liniment. **END**

WIND, MAI TAI AND SAM JONES

Giant fans happily crowded
the turnstiles in a rousing
welcome to Candlestick Park

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

TAKE a brand-new \$7 million stadium, splash it with sunshine, whip it with a cold wind, add 42,269 fans, a pride of politicians, two baseball teams and four umpires, season with a lacing of high society, chill for three hours and there you have it—Opening Day at Candlestick Park, the Giants' new home in San Francisco.

The opener against the Cardinals was an occasion for great civic hospitality. Candlestick Park, regardless of its shortcomings (and it has them), stamps San Francisco as major league once and for all. Seals Stadium, the transplanted Giants' first home in California, was a charming little

park, but in San Francisco, where appearances count for a lot, it was a reminder of the times when the town was minor league. As the splotchy Charles McCabe noted in the *Chronicle*, the games at Seals Stadium "always looked rather as if a major league team was playing in the high school field . . . for some terribly worthy cause."

Last week's festivities started the night before the game with a \$10-a-plate dinner in the Garden Court of the Sheraton-Palace Hotel. Brooklyn-born Actor Jeff Chandler, who grew up to root for the Giants and play Indian in Hollywood, was the toastmaster, and the speeches were succinct. "You must realize that in New York our sentiments differ from yours," Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick assured the happy gathering. "There's a tear for every laugh, a sigh for every smile, and when you drink your toasts tonight, you're drink-

ing our heart's blood in New York."

Vice-President Nixon, who lately has been attending so many sporting affairs that Senator Kennedy has challenged him to get out of the locker room, wandered about a Senators-Giants World Series. "But," said Nixon, "I realize that the chances of that happening are about the same as my getting the Democratic nomination for President."

California Governor Pat Brown shook up the house when he allowed that he hoped to "use the Giants and the Dodgers in the Series next fall."

On Tuesday morning, fans set out for Candlestick Park by diverseroutes. Since the park is smack on the shore of the Bay, about 100 yachtsmen elected to boat down. A grisly note was struck when Hilary Belloe, son of Hiram Belloe, lost the end of the ring finger on his left hand in the anchor winch of his ketch. His son Martin picked it up and they both raced to a doctor's office downtown where it was sewn on as good as new. Father and son then sped back to the park, arriving in time for the second inning.

The majority of fans traveled by land, even though it meant leaving home early to avoid the monstrous traffic jam the papers predicted. Everyone was so careful that no jam occurred. But on Tuesday, before a night game with the Cubs, almost everybody decided to get to the park at the same time. Cars were backed up for miles.

The ethic place to start out from



FRESH FROM SUN at Trader Vic's, enthusiastic San Francisco society beach-motORIZED cable car for festive trip to park. Party marked anniversary of local store.



LOCKER-ROOMER Richard Nixon talks shop with Willie Mays, California's Governor Brown.



on Opening Day was Trader Vic's. Thither society repaired to seize a rare connection known as a Mai Tai, a sure morale booster for the run down the freeway to Candlestick. Robert Reos, board chairman of the Reos/Arkins stores, threw the party, and he shepherded his guests to the park in a motorized version of a cable car, stocked with peanuts and affixed

with dingdong-daddy bells. "This is our 100th anniversary," Reos said, peering over his Mai Tai, "and the cable car is in keeping with the traditions of the city."

Chartered buses were popular, and that's the way "the third-base group" went. The group, composed of a hard core of a half-dozen society matrons who attend every home game, met at the Roger Lapham Jr.'s at 10:30, then went downtown to pick up their husbands. Afraid of being scolded in traffic, they roared straight down to the park—and arrived almost 2½ hours early. "It was really very embarrassing," confesses Mrs. Thomas Carr Howe, the group's expert on what's "in" and what's "out."

At the park, the group ate box lunches ("chicken is out except for Opening Day—too messy"), had a round of drinks (gin and juice is in, but Scotch over ice is out) and cheered or barracked the players, depending on whether they were in or out. Daryl Spencer, traded by the Giants to the Cardinals for Don Blasingame, got the treatment. Mrs. Lapham held aloft a sign saying, "Welcome Blasingame from Spencer's friends." Said Mrs. Howe: "If you ever hear anyone shouting imprecations, you know where they're coming from."

CANDLESTICK CALDRON

A west wind, which was as stiff as 25 mph on Opening Day but probably will average 12 mph during season, comes in high from Bay and strikes wind baffle placed on roof of Candlestick stadium. Current is forced left, then breaks out around end of baffle and cuts across field to right, causing outfielders almost as much uneasiness as right-handed batters, who try to pull ball. High foul flies to left (dotted line) have already been held up by wind, fallen fair. And side drives to right have been swept toward foul line.

Very much in are Sam Jones, Willie Mays, Eddie Brown and Salty Parker, the Giants' third-base coach. When Parker began coaching at third last year, the group presented him with two dozen roses. Concealed inside was a bottle of gin. "When the group spotted Salty on Tuesday," Mrs. Howe said, "we all yelled, 'We're here,' and he turned around and got bright red. But he knows we love him, so he's safe."

Although the sun shone brilliantly, the park, laced by the west wind (see above), was frightfully cold. Besides numbing cigarettes, the wind played tricks with the ball as the Giants

continued on page 22

APPALE MAYE and Jeff Chandler, a rabid Giant fan, chat in dressing room.



THE END OF COLLEGE

The ring death of Charlie Mohr, a star of Wisconsin's team, gives a probable coup de grâce to a declining college sport

by MARTIN KANE

THE TRAGEDIES of sport, whether they occur in football, sports car racing or most other hazardous games, grieve families, sadden fans and stir up resentment against the hazards. When a tragedy occurs in boxing, the resentment is against the sport itself.

Now a tragedy of college boxing appears to have doomed the sport.

Charlie Mohr, a personable, intelligent, deeply religious and in all ways estimable young man, the very symbol of what a college athlete ought to be, collapsed in his dressing room during the finals of this year's 23rd annual National Collegiate Athletic Association tournament. He had just lost in what was to have been, win or lose, his last boxing match. He had lost to a friend with whom he planned to spend part of his Easter vacation. A star member of the University of Wisconsin boxing team, which was host to the tournament, Mohr was found to have suffered a brain hemorrhage. At University Hospitals a team of top surgeons, led by the renowned neurosurgeon Dr. Mansur Javid, operated on his brain. They stopped the bleeding, but through long days that followed Mohr remained unconscious, an indication that survival was a dubious prospect.

Last Sunday morning, eight days after the bout, Charlie Mohr died. The injury had affected centers deep in the brain which control the heart, blood pressure and respiration.

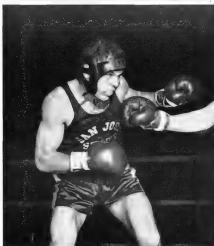
From president to freshman coed, this death of a campus hero shocked the University of Wisconsin, the coaches and boxers assembled from 16 other schools, and the city of Mad-

ison's unique devotees of the college sport. Largely because of its ardent towelie fans, Wisconsin has set several attendance records for the NCAA meets, seven of which have now been held there. There were 10,322 spectators (no record) at the 1990 finals on the night Charlie Mohr was injured.

Today's NCAA rules and practices

give college boxers the fullest protection. The 12-ounce gloves (eight and six ounces are standard in professional boxing), the padded headgear and the thick-felted canvas flooring are sufficient guarantees against all but the most extraordinary cases of serious injury. Perhaps even more important than protective equipment, college referees stop bouts as soon as a boxer seems to be definitely outclassed, let alone in danger of a severe beating. Forty-eight bouts were fought during the three-day tournament at Wisconsin. Not a single boxer,

LAST PHOTO SHOWS BOXER MOHR. OPPONENT STU BARTALL IS PADDED HEADGEAR.



BOXING

not even Charlie Mohr, was knocked unconscious in the ring. Eleven bouts ended in what professional boxing would score as technical knockouts, but these were bouts in which the referee intervened as a matter of prudence when a boxer seemed to have no chance to win.

Referee John O'Donnell so intervened, and quickly, as it became apparent in the second round that Stu Bartell of San Jose State, who had once beaten and once lost to Mohr in dual meets, was sure to win again. O'Donnell's decision came shortly

after Mohr was knocked to the canvas.

"It was not a good punch," a deeply depressed O'Donnell said. "Just a long right. He was up at the count of two, which is a good sign. While I was giving him the nine-count, mandatory! I looked in his eyes and they were clear. I asked if he was all right and he said, 'Yes.' So I let the fight go on. He moved around briskly for maybe 30 seconds, so he did not seem hurt, but as soon as the other fellow started punching him I moved in and stopped it. I caught the last punch on my shoulder."

After a rest in his corner, while Bartell was proclaimed 165-pound NCAA champion, Mohr left the ring and walked to his dressing room. He told his brother his head hurt. He lay down there and was checked by Dr. John Flinn, Wisconsin team physician and director of student health. Dr. Flinn suspected a possible concussion and ordered Mohr to remain lying down. In nine minutes Mohr was in coma and convulsions. The doctors ordered him to University Hospitals for an operation that took three hours. To reduce brain swelling Dr. Javid used a urea-injection method he had introduced for lowering brain and eye pressure. The swelling was reduced, the hemorrhage was stopped but Mohr did not otherwise respond.

The operation did not disclose how a healthy brain could have been so grievously injured by the blows college boxers are able to inflict through padded gloves striking a padded headgear. He had been hit by a right hand, the brain damage indicated, on the left frontal area (in the vicinity of the left temple), where the headgear is supposed to cushion a blow. Indeed, some doctors at first suspected that Mohr may have had a hitherto undetectable weakness of a brain artery, an aneurysm. An aneurysm may be compared to the similar weakness in an automobile's inner tube just before it blows out. Without certainty, it seemed possible that a blood vessel in Charlie Mohr's brain had burst and that if it had been a healthy artery it would not have burst under the impact of Stu Bartell's heavily padded fist against a padded headgear. But the brain is a delicate and still mysterious organ.

If the aneurysm theory is correct, Charlie Mohr was not a victim of college boxing. Young men so afflicted

may die suddenly and unpredictably in their 20s or 30s. They are victims of premature cerebral hemorrhages that most often occur in much older men. But Dr. Javid felt that the aneurysm suggestion was not necessary to explain what had happened. He reported that Mohr had suffered "a very serious head injury."

Serious injury or death in college boxing is most unusual. A year ago Curtis Raymond Lyons, a Texas A&M sophomore, died after a bout with Fred White at Sam Houston College. Prior to that there had not been a death in the sport since 1945, when Dixon Walker of the University of Maryland died after a bout at Catholic University with CU's Gus Gensie. But the 1945 bout was not conducted under the more recent and more protective NCAA rules.

Whatever the cause is the Mohr instance, aneurysm and innocence for college boxing or not, coaches foresaw the early end of the sport.

It has been declining anyhow, despite recent sporadic signs of possible resurgence. Eastern colleges, once the stronghold of the sport, have just about abandoned it except for intramural matches. Now the center of interest is in the West. Seven California colleges were entered in this tournament. Only Syracuse was represented from the East.

"This will just about do it," Coach Milton (Daddy) Holt of Idaho State said. "I think college boxing is now finished."

Henry Klempner, Sacramento State coach, put it succinctly. "This will kill college boxing," he said.

Both men are aware that college boxing has been confused in many academic minds with professional prizefighting, as college wrestling sometimes has been confused with professional wrestling. Its aura is not that of tennis, or crew or football.

But college boxers have loved it and have benefited by it, among them Charlie Mohr, a shy, introverted young man whose family noted that the sport and his success in it had made him much more outgoing. It may possibly survive this blow. Charlie's father, Charles Mohr Sr., a gentleman of remarkable understanding and forbearance, made it clear, once he had recovered from the first shock of his son's accident, that he does not blame the sport and hopes others will not. But many will.

END

HARRY GLOVES USED BY COLLEGIANS





Awesome Ladies

Photograph by Richard Mink



Just judging from the attendant frills (champagne dinner, dulcet ensemble music), the opening of a "Sport and the Horse" exhibit in Richmond's Museum of Fine Arts was an august occasion. On hand were some of Virginia's first families and a sampling of English nobility, and the best European horse paintings of the 18th and 19th centuries were on the

walls. Small wonder, then, that when three patrician matrons—including Mrs. Fletcher Harper (with long-gestle), who last week at 78 won a 160-mile ride over the Hemstead trails at Hot Springs, Va.—paused before George Stubbs's famed life-size *Harebellcoursier*, *Rubbing Down*, Stubbs's stable boy and his trainer seemed more in awe of the ladies than they of his art.





Boy's Big Treat

People were hustling out all over last week, but one of the biggest spring bargains of all was indoors—the New York International Automobile Show. There, for the price of a movie ticket, you could ogle the brightwork, peep under the hood and, like the boy easing into the Daimler sports car at the left, get behind the wheel of any of 500 models from nine foreign countries and the U.S. The show's chief appeal lay in its diversity. With American compact cars cutting into imported-car sales, there was more emphasis than ever before on the kind of variety—from \$1,000 midget cars to \$27,000 limousines—that has given the foreign automakers a permanent foothold in the U.S. market.

Photograph by Jerry Cooke

Boy Gets Girl

AN *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s photographer, who just happened to be in the Mövenpick restaurant in Geneva, Switzerland, last week, watched and snapped, the boy and the girl sipped on a mutual soda straw, playfully mugged, bumed and—discovered at last—giggled in becoming embarrassment. The importance of the ageless routine was that the winsome boy was the dashing heavyweight boxing champion of the world and the girl was the Birgit Lundgren he had coyly introduced as "my fiancée" to snickering sportswriters when he came to America for the first time a year ago to start training for the fight that brought him fame and fortune. The odds were that Ingemar Johansson would not ever marry Birgit or be heavyweight champion. The news, verified by these photographs last week, was that Ingemar was celebrating his formal engagement to Birgit.

Photographs by Morris E. Neuman







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Portillo, south of Santiago, has resort facilities which include night club, movies, ski shop, and skating rink. There is a 306-bed comfortable hotel where skiing begins at the front door. The amazing variety of slopes includes a 3-mile run, with a return by train.



PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS

The Shotput Explosion

by TEX MAULE

Parry O'Brien, longtime king of the shot, is caught up in a real fight to regain his throne

PARRY O'BRIEN is a connoisseur of antique edged weapons, an accomplished amateur chef, a fair performer on the bass fiddle and the bongos drums who sometimes plays as he listens to his collection of records of primitive music, and the vice-president of a bank. He is also the fourth-best shotputter in the world.

For quite a long time he was the best. His new and modest standing in this sport was brought home to him rather forcibly not long ago. O'Brien had just put the shot 43 feet 5 inches in a meet in Tempe, Ariz., breaking his reignigned world record by an inch. When the distance was announced, the crowd heard it with no great enthusiasm. In the silence, one voice bawled, "O'Brien, that was pretty good—a month ago."

Unfortunately for O'Brien, his 63-foot-5 put came after the most explosive improvement in a field event in the history of track competition. A week or two before O'Brien's appearance at Tempe, Dave Davis hit 63 feet 10 1/2 inches to gain undisputed possession of the unofficial world record—for about 15 minutes. Then Dallas Long (see cover) heaved the 16-pound steel ball 64 feet 6 1/2 inches to top Davis. Long, in turn, held the record for a whole week before Bill Nieder did 65 feet 7 inches in the Texas Relays. Nieder is the present record holder, but his tenure is shaky, to say the least.

O'Brien regards this wholesale assault on his record with mild apprehension, but no real fear.

"This is the first time in 10 years I have had competition," he said the

other day. "I hope I shall react well to it. I expect to."

He was working out in the late afternoon on the UCLA track. He paid no attention to the hurly-burly of a freshman track meet going on around him, concentrating completely on every put. Between puts, he discussed his rivals seriously.

"They are all aware of the senior-citizen psych," he said. "They do very well against one another or with no competition. We shall see what happens under the pressure of the big meets."

He went back to the shot ring, poised himself delicately, then uncoiled suddenly, firing the shot with an explosive "WOOF!", then trotting after it.

"I do not put well in practice," he said. "I save my best for competition. I am no pasture performer."

O'Brien, of course, developed the modern shot technique, and he is still the most polished technician of the big four. But technique is only a part of the shot, and O'Brien is at once the oldest and the smallest of the four men. Oddly enough, though, he has the biggest arms.

"The shot is 60% pure strength," he said. "Thirty percent is technique and 10% is mental preparation. I am much stronger this year than I have been, because I have been using heavy weights. I read that Nieder is using 275 pounds in a horizontal press."

PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]

CROWN PRINCE of the shotput is Dallas Long, shown here demonstrating the fine points of his art. From top to bottom, Long crouches low to get body under the shot, sticks back hard with left leg as he begins hop back on right foot, then begins to uncoil with right leg, arm and side thrusting hard against the shot. He spins rapidly as the shot leaves, switching quickly from his left to his right leg.



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THE SHOTPUT continued

This seems to amaze everyone, but a child could do it. It is an inclined bench press, and all of us use more weight than that."

O'Brien is constantly trying to improve his technique for putting the shot, but lately he has grown reticent about the details.

"I shall no longer be the instrument of my own destruction," he said as he wound up his workout. "I will divulge my little secrets only after this year's competition is over. It should be an interesting year. For the first time, I am not the target. I am the pursuer, not the pursued. But do not overlook the experience of years of competition under all kinds of conditions and under pressure. Davis, for instance, is tremendously strong. But he takes the gas pretty well. All of them take the senior-citizen psych. And I am the senior citizen of the shot."

BEGG ME, LIKE

Indeed, the three other putters are all well aware of the mental barrier imposed by competition with O'Brien. Davis talked about it between exercises in which he pressed a 325-pound weight while lying back against an inclined board.

"Sure, it bothers me to compete

against him," Davis said. "He makes it that way on purpose. He puts and then he walks away and ignores you. You feel the other guys looking at you when you're getting ready to put, but not O'Brien. He acts like he's the only one there. You know he's not worried about you. Maybe he'll drop a shot or something while you're balancing. He bugs me."

Davis, like the other top shotputters, ascribes the recent dramatic shattering of record after record to the effects of heavy weight training. All four use formidable weights in workouts; Long has bench pressed 440 pounds, the others not much less. Davis was working out in the Muscle Beach Weight Lifting Club, Inc., an organization of 150 weightlifters who have taken over an abandoned auto paint shop in Santa Monica and stocked it with tons of bar bells.

"I want to build up my strength," said Davis. "Strength gives me confidence. I don't think O'Brien will bother me now."

He stripped off his sweat shirt before doing dumbbell exercises. On his shoulders, just over the armpits, are two long, lip-shaped marks which look like scars. He was asked if he had had a shoulder operation.

"No," said Davis. "Those are stretch marks, like a woman gets when she is pregnant. The muscles



O'BRIEN'S THIGH-SIZED SHOTS IS LARGEST (16 1/2 INCHES) OF THE FOUR SHOT MEN

grow faster than the skin can expand. I'm working on the shelf. That's what shotputters call the muscles at the top of your chest and shoulders—the head of the deltoid and the pectoral muscles." Davis' shelf comes straight out from the top of his shoulder, slab on slab of muscle.

He did a few half squats with 525 pounds, the slender steel bar that held the massed weights bending precariously as he moved up and down.

"I don't work with the shot at all during the week," he said. "I may do a few phantom puts—kind of dream through it without a shot. What I want is to build up my strength."

Davis has built up his strength tremendously in the last three years. His program of very heavy lifting has increased his weight from 205 to 265 pounds, most of it muscle. He competed for the University of Southern California for a while, but dropped out when he did not make enough credits in one semester to retain his athletic scholarship.

He might have earned the credits had he taken a biology final, but he did not take the test and offered no excuse for not taking it. It is probably not true that he did this because he wasn't getting enough to eat at the university's training table; he has a gargantuan appetite, but the USC chefs are used to that.

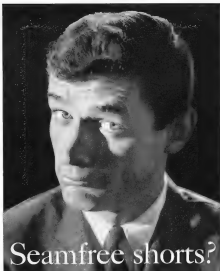
JESSE'S BOYS

"All Dave wants to do is eat and sleep and lift weights and put the shot," says Jesse Mortenson, the very able USC coach who has had O'Brien, Davis and Long under his tutelage. "He's a smart boy; he's got a photographic memory. He can give them back their own words on a test. He could have passed the biology test, but I think he wanted to get back home where he could devote all of his time to lifting and putting the shot."

Davis now attends San Fernando State College and he does well in his studies. He returned to the SC campus to set his short-lived shot record, but he never consults Mortenson on his shot problems.

"O'Brien may come by once in a long while," Mortenson said. "Not often." He was watching his latest protégé, Dallas Long, in action. Long is an enormous man; he is only 19 but he weighs over 260 pounds, and he looks bigger than his competitors.

continued



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THE SHOTPUT continued

He was working placidly on his form, the shotputting out near the 60-foot mark time and again. Long is the least susceptible of O'Brien's competitors to Parry's psychological warfare. When he did 64 feet 6½, it was only a few minutes after Davis' 63 feet 10½, and on an afternoon when he almost missed the competition. He was nowhere in sight when the shot event was called, and Mortenson had student assistants scurrying about in search of him. Just before his turn to put, Long was discovered sleeping happily in his bed at the dorm. He trotted sleepily out to the shot ring, warmed up and then put the shot farther than anyone ever had before.

This day, between practice tosses, he walked over to Mortenson to chat briefly, and someone told him that O'Brien was in the hospital, a rumor that flared briefly and died.

"Oh?" said Long, then grinned and added, "Must have had a heart attack when he heard about that 65 feet 1 of Nieder's." Because of his youth and his size and his awesome strength, Long appears most likely to establish the ultimate record in the competition among the big four. O'Brien is 28, Davis is 22, and the present record holder, Nieder, is 29. Nieder is a first lieutenant in the Army, stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco. After his record put, he raised his personal goal from 66 to 67 feet, but he expects that Long will surpass even that eventually.

TWO FEET IN ANGER

Nieder, of course, is aware of the O'Brien psychology, but it angers him more than anything else.

His recent reamusement of his shot goal came as a direct result of a quote from O'Brien printed in a Los Angeles newspaper. O'Brien commented after Nieder's record performance that Nieder did well without competition but folded under pressure.

"It barned me up," Nieder said. "Hell, he's avoided competition with me and Long. One meet last year, Long and I were entered and O'Brien wasn't. Then Long got the flu and I pulled a chest muscle, and O'Brien entered the meet. Another time I beat him in a meet and he quit competing for the year. Three days before I set the record in Austin I was doing between 61 and 62 feet. I al-



MASSIVE ARMS bulging, Dave Davis lifts 25½ pounds as he builds strength for shot.

ways threw as hard as I can in practice because that's the only way to get the timing right. Then I read what O'Brien said and went out to practice. I was over 63 on a couple, then over 64. Up until then, I figured on 65 feet as a goal—now it's 67. Competition can add two or three feet."

Nieder finished second to O'Brien in the 1956 Olympics, but he does not expect to finish second to him this time. Unlike the other three, he varies his weight lifting with work on the high bar, and with basketball and a variety of handball played with a paddle. "It gives me foot and hand speed," he says. He is probably the fastest of the four big men in the ring, and the most agile. He enjoys arm wrestling, which is one of his favorite tests of strength.

"I never lost to anybody arm wrestling," he says. "I got tied once, when I was at Kansas. By Wilt Chamberlain, I couldn't put his arm down, but he couldn't put mine down either."

THE BIG MEN MEET

The summit meeting of the big four will likely come for the first time in the Coliseum Relays in Los Angeles May 26. For that occasion the ring will be bathed in spotlights, and the event will be bathed in publicity.

The senior citizen will be there. He glories in the spotlight and in pressure, but his rivals have tasted those world records now and that old senior-citizen psych may not work any more. **END**

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The Winners Of Our 1960 Elections

**Designers Jack and Helen Lazar
and Anne Fogarty top the
voting for the year's fashion awards**

by JO AHERN ZILL

IN the 1960 elections for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's annual Design Awards the votes are in and the ballots counted, and the winners are Jack and Helen Lazar for Kimberly Knitwear for the Sporting Look award, and Anne Fogarty for the Designer of the Year award. The electorate, as in the past, was a panel of 699 fashion authorities using a ballot drawn up by representatives of 112 of the nation's finest stores.

The platform that won for the Lazars was built around the little knitted suit and their mastery of it over a dozen years. In electing the Lazars the panel has voted in behalf of the American traveling public and in recognition of enthusiasts who favor Kimberly knits for everything from an afternoon of bridge to an afternoon at the races.

Anne Fogarty piled up her votes in one year, during which she has stamped her personality on sportswear that is as much to be spectated at as to spectate or perform in (see her swimsuit for dry land on next page). Anne Fogarty says, "I feel that the greatest contribution I have made to sportswear is that of femininity."

The Lazars, whose award, rather like the Nobel Prize, reflects accomplishments over the span of a decade or more, have been in business together since 1947, shortly after Jack finished World War II service in the Philippines with the Army's combat engineers. He saw a future for clothes that could keep pace with a public free to travel with foreseeable ease around the world. Their first

continued



DESIGNER OF THE YEAR FOGARTY SCORED WITH FRILLY SPORTSWEAR

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DESIGN AWARDS continued

knit-dress designs were wool chenilles, the fuzzy-warled, form-fitting type of dresses that, as Jack recalls, "made every man on the street turn around and watch." Women were attracted in steadily growing numbers, too—so much so that when *LIFE* did a fashion report of the impact of the sack in America it found 24 members of a ladies' club in Kentucky wearing one particular Lazar style.

The firm followed sacks with trousers until, disillusioned with the quick rise and fall of Paris silhouettes, they turned to the development of color and pattern as a more solid basis for fashion interest. This is their format today. They concentrate on wearable silhouettes which change subtly from season to season. The Lazars vary them with new colors and patterns, such as Argyle andhound's-tooth checks, which were introduced last fall and are part of the summer collection (see below).

The Lazars feel that their greatest contribution has been in developing new patterns on knitting machines that are so intricate that one correction requires two weeks for reknitting an entire machine. They are proud of having developed a year-round demand for wool knits and are selling summer wools for the first time.

Their firm is also recognized for pioneering with different fibers in their search for a travel costume which will never wrinkle or sag. They were the first to work with Orlon flannel and the first to learn how to dye the yarn satisfactorily. They combined linen and rayon for a knit with a natural string look; they also experimented with silk knits in 1957.

The Lazars, parents of three children, commute to their New York workrooms from West Englewood, New Jersey in a Mercedes 300 SL, which Jack drives.

Anne Fogarty admits that she is a completely subjective designer and makes clothes that she likes to wear herself. She believes that a successful wife, for example, should "dress for everything," and the approach to any situation is, in the mind of this designer, consolidated first of all by deciding what to wear. For doing housework Mrs. Fogarty believes in wearing coveralls; as she designs coveralls that are made like a garage

continued



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DESIGN AWARD continued

mechanic's but are embroidered with pink and red carnations. For entertaining at home she wears strictly tailored pants and shirt, but in gold lamé (see page 25). Fogarty designs have candy-color stripes, and most shorts and pants have lace edging.

Well known for her petticoated dresses, which whirled her to fame and the Fashion Critics' Award in 1951, the Neiman-Marcus Award in 1952 and numerous citations since. Designer Fogarty has been toiling on New York's Seventh Avenue since 1949, first as a model and, for the past 11 years, as a designer. In 1967 she signed a contract with Saks Fifth Avenue to design exclusively for their

THE SIDA NOMINEES

Eighteen sportswear designers were nominated for this year's SIDA awards. For the second year in a row designers from abroad were among those honored; for the first time a ski-wear-designing team was recognized for creative contributions to a rapidly growing specialized field. Nominated for Designer of the Year were Elisabeth Beck, the German ski-wear designers Maria and Willy Bogner, Ellen Brucke, Anne Fogarty, Mike Gelsi, Julie Iles, Helene Madlock, Rich, Frank Reith and Penelope Squire. Nominees for the Sporting Look award were Bill Atkinson, Olga di Grey di Italy, Mary K. Dedson, Rodi Gerstein, the Lotars, Tina Lavee, Vera Maxwell and Italy's Emilio Pucci.

stores in 14 cities. (The same clothes are available in other cities at other fine stores.) Saks, in turn, licenses manufacturers and vendors of Fogarty designs, ranging from dresses, coats, suits, lingerie, hats, shoes and jewelry to sportswear. The sportswear is manufactured by Sports Editions and includes pants, shirts, skirts, sweaters, jackets and swimwear.

The Fogarty approach to swimwear has been based solidly and successfully on appearance. Saks sold 890 white lace bikinis last summer from the first Fogarty collection, at \$30 a suit. This summer there will be many more bikinis from the same

(continued)



FROM LEFT: TONY, MARGARET, LEO, LARRY ON THE PATIO OF THE SAN JUAN INTERCONTINENTAL, PUERTO RICO

How to cool down without getting wet—Rum and Tonic

by Jerry and Anne Chase (who took the plunge at the San Juan Intercontinental in Puerto Rico)

WHY DIDN'T we invent rum and tonic? We had mixed tonic with everything—but never with rum. Travel must broaden the mind.

Anyhow, thanks to the man in the blue jacket (see photograph) we've seen the light. That dry, white Puerto Rican rum lifts any long drink out of the banishment. And when you blend its urbane dryness with hither-sweet tonic water, you've got the coolest three-quencher since nature invented ice.

Neither of us pretends to be an expert bartender. So we cheer again because rum and tonic

is child's play to make. Grab a glass and score ice cubes. Toss in a jigger of white Puerto Rican rum plus a squeeze of lime or lemon. Then fill with tonic.

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mold; in black lace with an organdy cover-up, in lace-trimmed gingham checks and in faded leopard print, none of which are intended to look their best in the water.

At-home wear for the hostess is a Fogarty forte and has been successful particularly during the Christmas holiday season. This, too, reflects the Fogarty way of life, which centers around a New York apartment and her husband, Thomas Jr. (a painter), and two children. In the summers the Fogartys repair to the beach at East Hampton for weekends and summer vacation.

The winners of the SIDA's will be honored first in Dallas and Houston, where Neiman-Marcus and Sports Illustrated will co-sponsor a musical fashion show featuring designs from this year's 18 nominees. There will be two shows in Dallas on April 28: a luncheon at the Salesmanship Club and a dinner at Brook Hollow Country Club to celebrate the opening of their new ballroom. In Houston on April 30 the program will be the feature of the Junior League's annual Spring Ball in the Emerald Room of the Shamrock Hotel. On May 31 the show will come into New York to be presented for 150 prominent members of the fashion industry at a formal dinner at the St. Regis, and the awards, sculptured dressmaker's dummies crowned with laurel wreaths, will be presented.

Members of the SIDA committee who drew up this year's ballot of nominees are Melvin Dawley, Lord & Taylor; Hector Jacobson, I. Magnin; Adam Gimbel, Saks Fifth Avenue; Andrew Goodman, Bergdorf Goodman; H.D. Hodgkinson, Filene's; Albert D. Hutcher Jr., Hutcher's; Arthur Madison, Julius Garfinckel; Lawrence Marcus, Neiman-Marcus; Herbert L. Seegal, Macy's; Walter E. Simmons, J. L. Hudson; Peter J. Stelling, J. P. Allen; William Clark Stetson, Marshall Field; and Fred R. Smith, Sports Illustrated. Previous winners of the Sporting Look Award are: Claire McCordell, 1956; Sydney Wraggs, 1957; Bonnie Cashion and Rose Marie Reid, both in 1958; the Davidsons, 1959. Previous winners of The Designer of the Year Award are: Rudi Gernreich in 1956; Bill Atkinson, 1957; Jeanne Campbell, 1958; and John Wells, 1959.

END

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Very Old and Quite British



Photographs by Brian Seed

EACH FEBRUARY for almost a century and a quarter, small groups of British and Irish followers of the greyhound have gathered near Liverpool for the Waterloo Cup, one of Britain's classic sporting events and the most famous coursing competition in the world. Coursing is an ancient pleasure of dogs and men; traditionally, it was simply a form of hunting in which hounds chased game. The modern sport is really a race rather than a hunt: two greyhounds at a time compete against each other in pursuing a single hare. Points are awarded for catching up to the hare, for diverting it ("coursing" it) at an abrupt right angle, for diverting it at a lesser angle, for a kill. The event is held each year rain or shine at Altcar, the flat, bare estate of the Earl of Sefton.

CONTINUED



INTENT WATCHER is Jim Ripper, the slipper. Slipper has the job of releasing each pair of greyhounds when hare is from 60 to 80 yards in front and of seeing to it that dogs start off evenly.



IN CLOSE PURSUIT, two greyhounds begin to gain on hare. Dogs wear either red or white bands around their necks for easy identification. Average time of a course is about 60 seconds.



OWNER-WATCHERS are Mr. and Mrs. George Straghan of Northumberland. Straghan has been cooning for 40 years. His Jovial Rancher was beaten in second round of the Waterloo Cup.



HOODED HEAD is that of Lord Bath, top man in British plasma industry, who is rabid fan, closely follows coursing action.



HAPPED HEADS, against wind and rain, include Ronald Salisbury's (second from left) of British food store chain.



Bad Weather and Good Fun

No matter how bitter the day at Aitona, the onlookers enjoy themselves—or insist they do. They tell a joke, have a nip, make a bet. Mostly they watch the dogs. The field for the Waterloo Cup is limited to 64 entrants. The field is reduced to 32 in the first round, to 16 in the second, and so on until two dogs are left to compete in the finals for the cup and £1,000. The 32 first-round losers, however, go right on coursing for the Waterloo Purse, and the 16 second-round losers compete for the Waterloo Plate. Thus in the three days of competition the spectator can see more than 100 courses.

CONTINUED



LOOPLY FEST is enjoyed during a lull in the coursing action by Lord Kenyon (left), who was the honorary secretary of the three-day Waterloo meeting, Gerald Thompson (center), a Liverpool solicitor, and Captain John Williams, the Earl of Sefton's agent.



WARMING SCOTCH is assured by Lady Hudson, dog owner and breeder, who came down to Ailsa from Scotland.



SOOTHING SNIFF is sniffed by colorfully attired sixth Marchess of Rich, who carries favorite greyhound-head cane.

BELLINGING BEATER Charles Sloss, 60, moves toward a hare. Beaters try to drive hares from the underbrush by moving in slowly contracting semicircles.

LAUGHING BOOKMAKER wields past to his odds board. Betting is not heavy at the meeting, but England's tradition-minded bookmakers liven the atmosphere.



Carriage Trade

Courting has always attracted the aristocracy, from the time greyhounds hunted deer for kings. The wealthy and the noble own many of the dogs, and they provide much of the lively background that makes the Waterloo Cup the unique affair that it is. Many of the spectators drive up to Altcar in graceful old horse-drawn carriages, some owned, some rented for the occasion from a nearby resort. The greyhounds are given luxurious care: they are fed carefully calculated diets that include milk, chopped beef and vitamins, they bask in the warmth of infra-red rays, they are frequently massaged.



TETHERED FINALISTS, held here by slipper, are Mrs. Basil Kerr's Jock-a-l (right), and Harry, owned by Noel Hardy, a Manchester brewer. Jock-a-l won final course from Harry in 18 seconds, making quick kill.



LEAPING YORKSHIREMAN Don Wolbeem, a hotel operator, jumps stream instead of using bridge. He explained high spirits by saying, "It's my day out."





LISTEN OF SPECTATORS gather for much consolation despite the cold and wet weather. Many took the carriage as a vantage point to watch the courses.



DISAPPOINTED OWNER, J. McWilliam, carries his greyhound, Alvarion Cosignard, from field. Hound broke his back during semifinal of Waterloo Plate, one of two consolation events.



ELATED VICTOR, Mrs. Basil Kerr, walks proudly from the field after Jeneval's victory. She is followed by Lord Karsyn, who is holding the trophy awarded for Waterloo Plate. Jeneval was a 100-to-1 shot.

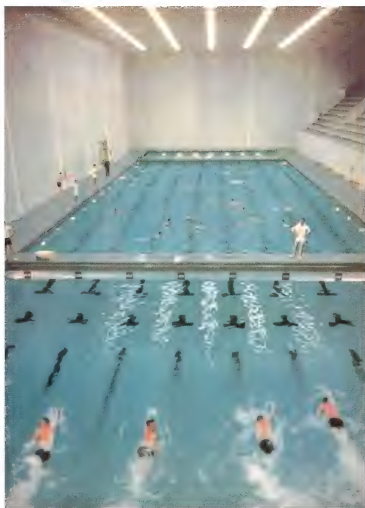
A Cadet's Training Is More Than Math

**Future officers compete
in an average of nine team
sports apiece under the Air
Academy's fitness program.**

DRILL FIELDS and barracks were enough when West Point got started 158 years ago; the new Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs shows how program as well as architecture has changed in the training of military men. Along with his calculus, science and Chaucir the air cadet must master swimming in the sparkling triple-sectioned pool at right and compete on the acres of playing fields and in the hangar-huge gymnasium seen in a mountain sunset on the following pages. Academy facilities include 24 athletic fields, two baseball diamonds, 32 courts for tennis, 24 for volleyball, 18 for handball, 16 for squash and five for basketball.

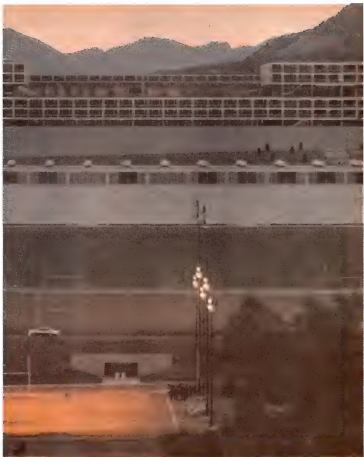
Cadets quickly learn that all this is a matter of purpose as well as pleasure. Mandatory sports, besides swimming, are boxing, wrestling and gymnastics, with additional intramural competition for those who do not make intercollegiate squads. Cadets may play an intramural sport only one season, then must select another, e.g., football, soccer, lacrosse, water polo. Rugby (a surprising third in popularity). By graduation day the average cadet has played nine team sports. Lieut. Colonel Casimir Myslinski, 1943 All-America who helps direct the program summed it up: "Our objective is development of guts, aggressiveness and the desire to win. In a national emergency we can't afford good losers."

In Olympic-size pool divided by movable bulkheads, cadets are given swimming lessons.





Playing fields in purple dusk: cadet quarters are at top, phys ed building



in center, and some of academy's two dozen athletic fields in foreground



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Very easy in eight

**Montreal's strong Canadiens
skated quickly off with their
fifth consecutive Stanley Cup**

It was a soft fall afternoon at the beginning of the professional hockey season and the inscrutable Philippe Henri Watson, then the coach of the New York Rangers, was standing under a marquee at Madison Square Garden reading a newspaper. His eyes fell upon a picture of a missile leaving its launching pad and slowly his neck turned red and he rose up on tiptoe.

"Look at this malarky!" started Watson. "Men trying to get to the moon. Science! You can blame men trying to get to the moon on science. What's the matter with science, why doesn't it wise up? There's lots of things right here on earth that science has yet to do." Watson meditated for a moment and then smiled. "Science," he said, "has yet to find a cure for Montreal."

Science had not, science has not, science will not find a cure for the Montreal Canadiens, who last week skated to an unprecedented fifth consecutive Stanley Cup championship by gliding past the Toronto Maple Leafs in four straight games. Earlier, of course, in semifinal play the Canadiens had eliminated the Chicago Black Hawks in four straight. Their sweep of the two series made them the second team in the 42-year history of the National Hockey League to win the cup in eight straight games. (The other team was the Detroit Red Wings in 1932.)

There was something about this Montreal championship that was different from any of the Montreal cup victories of the past: there was no single hero for the Canadiens this time

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HOCKEY continued

around—Maurice Richard did not shine in solitary fashion. In this Stanley Cup, Montreal had any number of heroes. Thirteen of them scored 29 goals in the playoffs. Montreal's defense was also stiffer than it had been: Doug Harvey gave perfect support to goalie Jacques Plante. Plante, the delightful masked marvel, allowed only 11 goals in eight games, and in three of those, all on the road, he shut out the opposition (Chicago twice, Toronto once). And not for one single second in any of their eight games were the Canadians behind.

After beating the Black Hawks (4-3, 4-3, 4-0 and 2-0), Montreal had to wait a full week to play Toronto, the winner of the other semifinal series. The Maple Leafs finally eliminated Detroit in the sixth game of that series (thus making it certain that for the 23th time since 1918 the Stanley Cup would go to a Canadian team).

EASY AND EASY

Toronto Coach "Punch" Imlach knew that Montreal would be hard to beat. Throughout the regular season the Leafs had stopped the Canadians only three times in 14 meetings and had been outscored 51 goals to 28. But he thought that if his Leafs could win one of the first two games (played at Montreal) they could spring an upset. "We had a good year this year," said Imlach, "and we'll beat the Canadians." The bookmakers politely disagreed with Imlach and installed Montreal as a 16-5 favorite. They were better prophets than Punch.

Montreal slashed home three goals in the first period of the opening game and won 4-2; they scored twice in the opening period of the second game and won 2-1; they scored three goals in the third game before Toronto could get one and won 5-2; in the fourth game they scored twice in the first period and rolled to a 4-0 victory.

Many people complain that the NHL has no plot. Montreal always seems to win (they haven't been out of the playoffs in 12 straight years). Next season it would be refreshing if by some remarkable stroke of luck Montreal crumbled and the Stanley Cup ended up on a shelf in some other city. But then, how many years have people been hoping for the same thing?

END



Tribute from Robert Burns [[to White Horse, of course]]

'Tis said the beloved bard Robert Burns did call upon the greatest Scotch in history [[White Horse]] when he wrote "O thou, my Muse! Guid auld Scotch drink!... Ream owre the brink... Inspire me!"

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Nobody makes wagons—or any other models, for that matter—more to your liking than Chevrolet. And one reason is that nobody else likes you quite the way Chevrolet does. No other car, for instance, can satisfy an itchy driving foot as quickly as Chevy—with a choice of 24 engine-transmission teams to choose from. None of the other leading low-priced cars—and only some of the smoothest riding higher priced ones—take the pains to give you Full Coil riding comfort at all four wheels. Or crank-operated ventipanes, Safety Plate Glass all around and dozens of other conveniences. Whatever your driving likes, nobody's quite so likely to please you (and your budget) as your Chevrolet dealer.



There's nothing like a new car—and no new car like a '60 Chevrolet. This is the Nomad Station Wagon.

Roomier Body by Fisher (Chevy gives you wider seating and more head room than any other low-priced sedan—and the trunk space is 25% smaller this year for more foot room).

Pride-pleasing style (you'll like the way it combines good looks with good sense—take a look at that convenient roll-down rear window, for instance).

Coil springs at all 4 wheels (with the extra cushioning of new rubber body mounts, here's a ride that almost lets

you forget there's a road under you).

Widest choice of engines and transmissions (24 combinations in all—work output all the way to 235 h.p. to satisfy the most finicky driver).

Hi-Thrift 6 (saves't air in any full-size car—helps with Chevy's ever-faithful dependability).

New Economy Turbo-Fire V8 (you'll warm up to this one fast—it gets up to 19% more miles on a gallon of

regular, put gives you the "git" Chevy's famous for).

Quicker stopping Safety-Master brakes (you get long-lived, bonded-lining brakes that stop quicker with less pedal pressure—another important way this new Chevrolet has of looking after your welfare).

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Sea Island appetizer

A Georgia haven for golf provides an idea for a fine, fresh-tasting hors d'oeuvre

SEA ISLAND regulars who play the back nine of the famous Old Course at this coastal Georgia resort in late afternoon often see the shrimp boats coming in. The small elevations in terrain that make Sea Island a more interesting and challenging course than most to be found along the flat southeast littoral of the U.S. provide frequent vistas of St. Simons Sound to the southward. And in early spring, when the shrimp fleet operates in this part of the Atlantic, the little trawlers come chugging through the sound each day about 4 p.m., heading for the mouth of the Turtle River and the unloading docks at Brunswick.

There are many varieties of shrimp marketed in the U.S., with most of the catch coming from fishing grounds in the Gulf of Mexico. But local shrimp men around Brunswick will tell you that the mildest and sweetest of all are the "Georgia whites" of this area. The cookery of coastal Georgia has traditionally featured many fine shrimp preparations, and these have become favored dishes at The Cloister, the hotel which forms the nucleus of vacation activities at Sea Island. One interesting concoction by Chef Herman Yursich of The Cloister is a marinade which imparts a surprising garden taste of fresh greenstuff to cold shrimp. I found the dish a pleasant change from the familiar "shrimp cocktail" with spicy tomato sauce which has been the standard first course of so many million restaurant meals.

When I tried Yursich's recipe at home, the first thing needed was a quantity of boiled fresh shrimp. How long should the creatures be boiled? I turned to some standard cookbooks for advice on the matter. Here are the in-

structions encountered in five of them, each a respected culinary guide:

- 1) "Cook for 15 to 30 minutes, or until the shrimp turn bright pink."
- 2) "Bring them to a boil, then simmer—the small ones for about 5 minutes, the larger ones up to 10."
- 3) "Simmer for 15 minutes."
- 4) "Simmer 5 to 12 minutes or until tender."
- 5) "Simmer 2 to 5 minutes—never longer."

How to explain the general anarchy of opinion among the experts? Perhaps it is no more than evidence of the fact that cooking is indeed an art and not a science. In every culinary situation there are variables, and a recipe is no more than a point of departure for the skilled cook, who shifts and adapts measurements according to his conditions of the moment. The boiling point of water, for example, varies with altitude; a pot of stew on a stove in Denver, boiling at a relatively low temperature, might take 60% more time to cook than the same dish on a stove at sea level. And what about the heat of the fire? Anyone who has had experience with breakfast eggs knows what a difference there is between five minutes of brisk boiling over a high flame and five minutes of gentle simmering.

So, depending on your height above sea level, on the heat of the fire, on the size and variety and freshness of the shrimp and possibly on the state of the weather and hour of the day, it can be said with exactitude that the shrimp should be plunged into a boiling court bouillon and after the liquid has returned to the boil they should be simmered until done and not longer. (In the particular environment of New York City, 33 stories above sea level, on a cloudless spring afternoon with the wind a few degrees north of west, exhaustive testing by this experimenter proved four minutes of simmering to produce an excellent result with the medium-large white shrimp available in the local market. With longer cooking the shrimp acquired a meaty texture, and their flavor decreased in direct proportion to the number of added minutes on the stove.)

The court bouillon is simply salted water which has been boiled for 10 or 15 minutes with a choice of flavorful ingredients to counteract any "fishy" taste. Good things to use are celery tops, a few peppercorns, a bay leaf or two, a pinch of thyme or oregano, a couple of cloves, a few branches of parsley, a cup or two of leftover white wine. After cooking the shrimp, allow them to cool in this court bouillon. Shrimp stored in the refrigerator should be left in the shell to retain their moisture. Shell and de vein them just before preparing the dish at left.

END

MARINATED SHRIMP (for boiled)

3 pounds cooked and cleaned shrimp
 1 cup well-seasoned French dressing
 ½ cup finely chopped green pepper
 ½ cup finely chopped wild onion
 ¼ cup finely chopped parsley
 1 clove garlic, crushed with salt
 2 tablespoons Bahamian mustard
 2 tablespoons lemon juice
 Salt and pepper to taste

Mix all ingredients in a bowl and chill for 2 hours or more. Before serving, sprinkle with additional chopped parsley.

Photograph by Lucien Dabb-McLife

Inquiry at Santa Anita

Directors of the fabulously rich track are battling for control of the Strub heritage

FOR THE 25 years of its existence as a citadel of Thoroughbred racing on the West Coast, Santa Anita Park has been a model of decorum and dignity. The late Dr. Charles H. Strub, founder and guiding genius, was at great pains to see to that.

His of assuming the responsibility. Complicating the board's intransigent position is the fact that the Strub family owns more than 21% of the stock, or more than four times as much stock as all the board of directors combined. If young Strub can put together proxies representing an additional 30% of the stock, he will be in a position to throw out the present board and reconstitute it with people of his own choice. He will make his

to market. Even the new shares sell for nearly \$300 apiece. That would make the old unit worth roughly \$100,000 on today's market.

It is the contention of Bob Strub that he had been hand-picked and trained by his late father to take over the direction of this golden operation. It is the contention of Santa Anita board members, privately, that Doc Strub himself gravely doubted his son's qualifications.

One of the ironies of the impasse is that Dr. Strub did hand-pick 13 out of the 15 directors who today bar his son's way. Comprising a virtual who's who of Los Angeles business and society, they were chosen by Strub to give racing a touch of class. Under Strub they had little else to do. Their duties consisted mainly of showing up in the swank Turf Club on Saturdays and, in general, rubber-stamping Dr. Strub's policies and directives. Strub, for his troubles, was paid a handsome 10% of the profits—or a neat quarter to a half million dollars a year.

With Strub's death in March 1958, the picture changed. In the first place, the good doctor's Midas touch seemed to have left him toward the end. In one of his last acts, he allied Santa Anita Park with the Columbia Broadcasting System in an \$11 million investment in a seaside amusement firm, Pacific Ocean Park, which was supposed to rival Disneyland. It came near to resembling Coney Island—in the winter.

The board reached out and chose Director Taylor, chairman of the board of the rich and well-run Union Oil Company, to be president. Gwyn Wilson, who had assisted Strub in founding Santa Anita in 1934 and had been vice-president and general manager ever since, stayed on in the same capacities.

Roose Taylor is no man to preside as a mere figurehead at anything. He quickly perceived the first order of business to be the unloading of Pacific Ocean Park. By the time Santa Anita and CBS had settled up losses and bank repayments they found themselves out the full \$11 million.

The track's share of this deficit was dumped on the books of the parent Los Angeles Turf Club and resulted in Santa Anita's showing the first loss in its history. President Taylor accordingly announced to the shareholders

continued



GILMAN REESE TAYLOR WANTS A CHANGE



TRAKEMAN BOB STRUB WANTS TOP JOB

But last week a figurative "inquiry" sign flashed above the track's operations as a bitter proxy fight broke out over control. At odds were Dr. Strub's eldest son, Robert, on one side, and an entrenched board of directors, headed by the powerful California industrialist, Reese H. Taylor, on the other.

The issue, on the surface at least, was simple: Strub's son wants to accede to the same absolute, tight managerial control his father enjoyed. The board does not think he is capa-

able to do this at a special stockholders' meeting which has been scheduled for April 28.

The prize in this battle is an operation which, even by horse racing's lush standards, has been fantastically profitable. For most of the 20-odd years of the Strub regime Santa Anita stockholders have had an annual million-dollar pot to cut up amongst their 200 shares. The par-value \$5,000 stock climbed to \$80,000 a share before it was carved into a 375-for-1 split this year, making it less unwieldy



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131 A VW owner who gets closer to 28 mpg usually because of a lot of stop-and-go driving, or a heavy foot, or possibly an out-of-tune engine.

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Behold the Galliano M&T... shaved ice in an Old Fashioned glass, spiced with 1 1/2 ozs. of Galliano, and topped by the juice of 1/2 very fresh lime.

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HORSE RACING continued

they could not expect a dividend for two years. This was illegal, said Bob Strub. Not so, countered Gwynn Wilson and the board. The company ran at a loss and thus cannot, under law, declare a dividend until it has shown six months of profitable operation. When the board of directors later voted to record its intent to pay a \$4-per-share dividend, or \$450,000, if projected earnings warranted that amount, Strub insisted the action was only an afterthought on the part of the board, provoked by his threat of a proxy fight.

SEARCH FOR A VILLAIN

Amid the sounds of battle, it was difficult for the interested to discern who young Strub thought was his personal villain. He complained that he had been dissatisfied with his own role in the company since his father's death but conceded he had voted with the majority of the board because dissent was futile. "I just didn't like the general direction of corporation management," he explained last week. "We are drifting to a certain extent." He found fault with Taylor because, "in the judgment of our group, however able Mr. Taylor may be in running that oil company, he doesn't have enough time left over to participate effectively in the management of the Los Angeles Turf Club and certainly not enough left over to carry on adequately and smoothly the duties of its chief executive officer." But when asked directly last week who he thought had been calling the signals at Santa Anita since his father's death, young Strub answered, "Roose Taylor."

Actually, Reese Taylor disclaims any ambition to rule Santa Anita. He insists, "I went into the thing as a matter of friendship to the Strub family. I took my job to be salvaging that pier operation (Pacific Ocean Park), and this I was able to do through my connections with CBS and others." The stock-splitting was done with the full consent of the Strubs, said Taylor. Taylor said he relied almost totally on Wilson in matters of track operation. The recommendation, he said, to bring in veteran Fred Ryan of Tanforan race track as general manager of Santa Anita, a job young Strub first coveted,

continued



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HORSE RACING continued

was Wilson's recommendation, not his own.

It became abundantly clear that Gwynn Wilson, who stayed on as executive vice-president at the specific behest of the Taylor-led board (after an earlier intention to resign), had, at the very least, concurred in blocking young Strub's room at the top. What was particularly galling was the assigning of Strub to the Turf Club's Lake Arrowhead operation, a resort which Santa Anita bought in 1946 comprising an 800-acre lake and 3,200 acres of mountain land. It had operated at only a break-even basis in the 15 years Santa Anita had owned it. The rumor bruited about that "Bob Strub has been assigned to watch the lake" only served to exacerbate the wounded family pride.

DECLINED: ONE LAKE

But the bucket of ill-feeling was not tipped over and spilled in public until the end of the 1959-1960 meeting, when Executive Vice-President Wilson announced he would be resigning as of October 31, 1960. Bob Strub then began to lobby openly for the job. A majority of the board of directors voted not to give it to him at a meeting attended by 10 members. The board offered him, instead, the vice-presidency in charge of public relations, which looked to Bob like another lake to watch. He declined.

The board then took the position that for the 41-year-old Strub to campaign actively for the Wilson job "while he was a salaried officer . . . with active, full-time duties" was damaging to the company's relations with shareholders, the public and employees, and therefore out of keeping with his position. He was dismissed. Said Strub: "I was presented with the alternatives of being shunted out of management into a non-policy-making department or of resigning or being fired. I declined the first two alternatives. My removal, therefore, came as no surprise to me."

He struck back by releasing a statement noting that the Strub family, despite its large stock holdings, had only one director to represent it on the board. He announced he was organizing his own group of shareholders dissatisfied at "the effort to push me out of management."

continued



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His attack damaged Santa Anita, even if the public enjoyed it. "Nobody wins a free or a war," said Executive Vice-President Wilson. "I spent 27 years here and I hoped to leave it in amicability. Bob should remember that the board of directors had been chosen by Dr. Strub."

"Father was too trusting," sniffed Bob Strub in rebuttal. "My father's wishes are not being carried out. My father thought I was capable. We are disappointed in Mr. Wilson, who worked with my father for so many years. We had expected he would carry out my father's wishes. But Mr. Wilson is a nonstockholder and a salaried officer, and is loyal to his employers, who in this case are Mr. Taylor and the board. Mr. Wilson says that I was 'welcome' at management meetings. The only thing I can say is there is a vast difference between being 'welcome at' something after it's under way and being invited to it before it starts. I feel I was treated like a spare part."

COULDN'T CARE LESS, BUT...

President Taylor, whose family owns only one share of Santa Anita stock, allows it is a matter of complete indifference to him which side wins the upcoming proxy fight. ("I wanted to get out after settling the pie men.") "Nevertheless," he says, "it wouldn't be fair to the stockholders just to walk out on this. I've got nothing to fight about, but in business you've got to be objective and I would like to leave the business in as good shape as possible."

Whether the 400-acre, \$20 million track will remain in the hands of the Los Angeles business and professional men on the board of directors (who propose to replace Wilson with a management committee rather than one officer) or will revert to the Strub family, with which it has been identified since inception, will be decided next week at the stockholders' meeting. The board will pit its record and merger total of shares against the Strub family and allies, who need only a small balance of proxies to tip the scales in their favor. For once, there is no one to hang out a morning line at Santa Anita, but the battle promises to be woollier by far than an opening day race for 2-year-old fillies.

END

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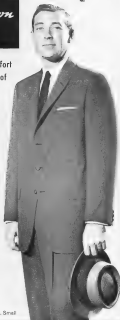
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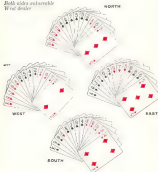
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Beaten with their own clubs

THE HUGE TURNOUT of bridge experts that swarmed over hospitable Jackson, Miss., last month had dwindled to six teams in the 11th and final day of play for the Vanderbilt Trophy and the National Contract Bridge Team championship. There came an astonishing hand.

It was a deal on which North and South had a lay-down grand slam at clubs. Yet no player on either of two of America's finest teams ever mentioned the suit. According to some modern bidding styles, the hand—with 13 points, including the three for a void in spades—qualified only as an optional bid. But the holders of the hand soon discovered that it is dangerous not to exercise the option. Once both players sitting North had passed, neither was able to recover. They never did find a chance to bid the club suit.

Both sides vulnerable
West dealer



WEST (Michalski)	NORTH (Goren)	EAST (Goren)	SOUTH (Mrs. Kemp)
PASS	PASS	3♣	2 N.T.
3♣	3 N.T.	PASS	PASS
4♣	PASS	PASS	PASS
PASS	PASS	PASS	6♣

Opening lead: heart ace

East's weak two-spade opener stole the bidding. So, having passed originally, North, Rina Arnold of Miami, playing with Mrs. Kemp on the von Zedtwitz team, found himself in a spot where he would have to go past three no trump in order to show his clubs at all. Even if I could have seen three no trump as a sound bid in this round—and I am fairly certain that I could not have—I would have bid five clubs later. But I would not have waited so long to show my clubs; I would have opened with one club at my first turn.

After winning her ace of hearts, Mrs. Kemp put her partner in with the ace of diamonds. A heart return for South to ruff would have defeated the four-spade bid one trick. But North continued diamonds, East trumped, and the king of trumps was the only other trick the defenders took. Four spades was made for a score of 750—but that was hardly North-South's biggest loss. Analyzing their hands, they saw that seven clubs was a laydown for a score of 2,140. So, depending on events at the other table, the von Zedtwitz team might lose nearly 3,000 points.

At the other table, the opposing team, now holding the same faithful clubs—and 13 points—had an equal, if totally different, disaster, because it passed the perfectly sound opening club bid. The bidding went:

WEST (von Zedtwitz)	NORTH (Christians)	EAST (West)	SOUTH (Christians)
PASS	PASS	3♣	3♣
4♣	5♣	PASS	PASS
6♣	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: heart king

Declarer's ace won the first trick. He then made a great play for his contract. He led the diamond 9 and when West covered with the 10 he ducked the trick! West led the queen of hearts. Declarer ruffed, trumped a spade in dummy and cashed the diamond ace. Next he led a club, fully expecting to win the trick. He then could have pulled trumps.

Had West held a single club, the contract would be home. But West trumped, put partner in with a spade and ruffed another club lead for down three, a penalty of 900, exactly equal in team-of-four scoring to the 750 minus at the other table.

EXTRA TRICK

When an optional opening (13 points) affords a comfortable rebid, exercise your option and bid.

END



Tell
me
again.

Oh, that's
such a
wonderful
and simple
secret.

Imagine, just
the three
of you—
gin and

**Rose's-
Lime Juice**

and your
icy friend
in there.

What shall
I call you?
Gimlet? Well,
dear Gimlet,
I'm mad about
you. And
that will
be our secret.

Vodka is also the secret of the
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or vodka to 1 part Rose's Lime
Juice. Serve over ice in an old-
fashioned or cocktail glass. New,
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



The Great Match

by ROBERT MARSHALL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:



When we saw Major Jacky Gore in "The Challenge," the first installment of *The Haunted Major*, published last week, he was trying to learn to play golf, lacerated by the vast attention which the rich Mrs. Gunter devoted to Jim Lindsay, the world's finest golfer, the Major unwisely challenged Lindsay to a match for the widow's hand, allowing himself one week to learn the game and discovering to his horror he was no match for anyone. On the night before the match the ghost of Cardinal Smeaton, archenemy of a Lindsay centuries before, appeared to the Major and prevented him victory! He would use the Cardinal's clubs. Now, in "The Great Match," the concluding installment, the intrepid Major faces a struggle with his rival, with the Cardinal and with his conscience, which (like that of many more experienced golfers) is gravely threatened by his desire to win.

With the joy of a captive set free, or the rapture of one who has returned from a living tomb to bustling life, I inhaled the precious air. But my thoughts were chaos. My brain refused to work. I had but one desire, and that was to sleep. Carrying the cumbersome, hockey-sticklike golf clubs that the ghost of the Cardinal had given me, I reached the doors of the hotel. The auto-aided night porter eyed me, and more particularly the clubs, with questioning surprise. I made him bring me a stiff glass of hot whisky and water.

This revived me somewhat, and telling him to warn my servant not to call me before 10 a.m., I staggered to my room, flung the weird clubs with abhorrence into a wardrobe, got out of my dripping clothes into pajamas, and was soon at rest in a dreamless sleep.

I woke to find sunshine streaming in at the windows, a cloudless sky without, and my servant Wetherby busily occupied over his customary maternal duties. With a sudden flash of memory I recalled the weird scene of the night that was gone, only, however, to dismiss it as an unusually vivid dream. For a time I felt quite sure it was nothing more. But presently, as my eye fell on the empty glass that had held the hot whisky and water, I began to experience an uneasy doubt.

Ah! Now I remembered!

If it were a dream, there would be no clubs in the wardrobe.

I lit a cigarette, and asked Wetherby the time.

"Ten o'clock, sir," was the reply. "And you've no time to lose, sir. The match is at eleven."

I sprang from the bed, and opened the wardrobe.

Heavens! It was no dream! There they were! Seven of the queerest golf clubs that antiquarian imagination could conceive.

So it had actually happened! I had been a guest of Cardinal Smeaton's ghost, and had entered into a compact with him to use his ridiculous clubs in order that he might revel in revenge on the house of Lindsay.

Be hanged if I would! I determined to ignore my unholy bond with the shadowy prelate. I would play with my own clubs and be defeated like a man. I jumped into my bath. The cold water sent the blood tingling through my veins. I found it impossible to believe that I had gone through the strange experiences of a few hours ago.

Yes, undoubtedly, there stood the clubs. Curious and perplexing ideas flashed through my mind. Was there mental eccentricity in my family? Had my father, the son of a hundred earls, transmitted to me some disconcerting strain in the blue blood that filled my veins? Was there really a spectral world, and I its victim?

I determined to ignore and if possible to forget entirely my creepy adventure in the vaults of the ruined castle. I was assisted by the pangs of hunger, when Wetherby announced that an omelette and a boiled sole were awaiting me in the next room. Through the open win-



Illustration
by David Levine

Lindsay came forward, looking the picture of manly health and vigor.

Now my eye fell on a dense crowd that surged on the links behind the first teeing ground. What could it be?

I asked Wetherby.

"I understand, sir," replied that phlegmatic youth, "the crowd is gatherin' in anticipation of your match with Mr. Lindsay, sir."

"Oh! is it?"

"It's been talked about considerable, sir."

"Has it?" was all the comment I could muster.

I was appalled at the sight. There was a horribly expectant air in the crowd. Their faces had that deadly expression that I have seen in the spectators at a bull-fight in Spain. Many eager faces were turned in the direction of my windows, and I shrink into the seclusion that a muslin curtain affords. Was I to be the bull?

I began to wonder if the seven queer clubs had the properties that the Cardinal claimed for them. And then an idea seized me. I would have them near me on the links, and if the game went desperately against me I'd put them to the test.

"Wetherby," I said, as I put the finishing twist to my mustache, "I should like you to carry these odd-looking

clubs round the links. I don't propose to use them, but it is just possible that I might."

"Yes, sir."

"I don't wish them to be seen, so you needn't follow me too closely."

"I understand."

"But you'll be at hand should occasion arise."

"Certainly, sir."

And shouldering the seven unwieldy weapons, Wetherby left the room with a twinkle in his eye that I had never remarked before.

As I walked through the hall of the hotel I saw that the entire domestic staff had gathered together to witness my exit. There was an uncomfortable sort of suppressed merriment in their faces that was not encouraging. I passed through the folding doors, and stood on the steps of the hotel facing the crowd.

A tremendous cheer greeted me. When I say "cheer," possibly I don't quite convey what I mean. It was more of a roar. It was a blend of delight, expectation, amusement, derision, and exhilaration. Every face was smiling.

continued

ing, every mouth was open, every eye glistening. Kirkintulloch was waiting for me at the foot of the steps. He looked a trifle shamefaced, and I fancied I heard him say to a bystander, "Aweel, it's nae business o' mine!"

At last I reached the inner circle of the crowd, and at the teeing ground Lindsay came forward, looking, I am bound to admit, the picture of manly health and vigor. He held out his hand.

I accepted it with dignity, then looked about me, bowing here and there as I recognized acquaintances. Standing near the Lowchesters was Mrs. Guster, in a heavenly confection of shell-pink and daffodil-yellow, a sort of holiday frock, delicate in tint and diaphanous as a sufficiently modest spider's web. She greeted me with the brightest of smiles, and kissed her fingertips to me. I was startled by the sound of Lindsay's voice.

"Shall we tom for the honor?"

"As you please," I replied.

He spun a coin.

"Head or tail?"

I chose the head.

"It's a tail," he said, as, pocketing the coin, he took the driver that his caddie handed him.

Then he drove. It was a magnificent shot, straight and sure, and the ball landed halfway between the public road and the stream that bounds the first putting green. A murmur of approval rose from the crowd.

Then I took up position.

Kirkintulloch endeavored to inspire me with confidence as he handed me my driver by whispering in a hoarse, spirituous undertone that must have been audible to everyone near, "Dinna mind the crowd, sir. Just pretend that ye coon graaf."

I was about to address the ball when my eye caught sight of the Cardinal. His face was livid with rage. Faint and ill-defined as the apparition seemed in the brilliant sunshine, there was no mistaking the cadaverous features or the flowing robes. In less time than it takes to tell, he had reached my side and was whispering in my ear, "Tak' the auld clubs, I tell 'ee!"

Afraid of betraying myself by a vacant look or startled sigh, I ignored His Eminence and drove the ball. I topped it.

As we walked over the hundred yards that my ball had traveled, the Cardinal sidled up to me, and thrusting his face (through which I could clearly see a view of beach and sea) close to mine, exclaimed, "Ye're a fule!" I took no notice.

"D'ye hear?" he persisted. "Wi' yer ain clubs ye're no match for a callant like Lindsay! For ous sake, tak' mine. Are ye feared the folk'll laugh at sic antediluvian implements? Ye needna mind the mob, I assure ye. If ye win hole after hole, ye'll turn the laugh on Lindsay, nae matter what the clubs be like."

I still ignored him, and I saw the yellow teeth grind in fury. There are no words in my vocabulary to express the humiliation that I felt as I played. I was at my worst. My second shot landed me about a hundred yards farther; Lindsay dropped his onto the putting green. With my third the ball traveled to the barn and stopped there, embedding itself in the soft black mud. The Car-

dinal danced and leaped about me, alternately pouring sixteenth-century vituperation into my ears and imploring me to use his accursed clubs.

Lindsay behaved extremely well. He showed no sign of triumph as he won hole after hole, and several times he turned upon the crowd and upbraided them roundly for the howls of laughter with which they received my reasonable efforts. I got into every possible bunker, to the noisy gratification of the mob which had now abandoned itself to the wildest hilarity. By a lucky fluke I won the short hole. Mr. Lindsay's caddie was slightly in front of me as I drove, and my ball (which I tapped, so that it shot away at right angles) struck his boot, on which Kirkintulloch loudly claimed the hole. At the "turn" (i.e., the end of the first nine holes) I was seven down; and at the end of the eighteen—let me condense it at once—Lindsay was sixteen up.

AN interval was allowed for luncheon. It was arranged that we should meet for the final round at 2:30 p.m. I refused all invitations to lunch, and retired to a solitary meal in my own room. I had just begun to tackle a rutlet and tomato sauce when, raising my eyes for a moment, I beheld my Cardinal seated opposite me. This was a little too much, and, seizing a decanter of claret, I hurled it in his face. His features offered so little resistance that the wine distributed itself over Wetherby, who seemed for once mildly surprised. I apologized to that irreproachable domestic, and then I desired him to leave the room.

I was alone with my tormentor, and I determined to have it out with him. But His Eminence anticipated me. He leaned across the table, and addressed me as follows: "I apologize, young sir, if I have caused you any inconvenience on this momentous occasion. I was over keen, an' I tak' a' the blame o' yer ill fortune on ma ain shoulders. Just cut yer dinner like a man, and dinna fash yersel' wi' me; but when ye've feenished, as ye'll be see gude as to hear me for the space of five minutes, I'll be obliged. Mair than that, I'll undertake that ye'll no' be worrit by me again."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that if I grant you a short interview when I have finished luncheon, you will undertake to cease annoying me?"

"That's it," replied the prelate.

"Very good," said I. "I agree."

My luncheon over, I pushed back the plates, drank a glass of cognac, poured out a cup of coffee, and lit a cigarette. The combined effects of the fresh air of the links and the wine I had drunk during lunch had braced me up, and I leaned back in my chair and contemplated my guest. "Well, old man," said I, "cut with it!"

He turned and swept me such a graceful bow that I felt ashamed of my flippant and vulgar tone.

"I will noo mak' ye a final proposal, young sir," he said. "Ahint the hotel is a secluded field, and if ye'll tak' ma clubs and try a shot or two, I'll ask nae mair."

I saw what he meant. I was to try the clubs and test the marvelous qualities that he insisted on.

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Well, there was no harm in that.

I rang the bell, and told Wetherby to carry the clubs to the field indicated by my ghostly counselor. It was a good grass meadow, and not a soul near, with the exception of the Cardinal. I selected a club that most resembled a driver (though it was more like a gigantic putter than anything else) and began to address the ball.

As I did so I experienced a curious sensation. I suddenly felt as if I had been a golfer all my life. I found myself addressing the ball with the same easy grace I had observed in Kirkintuloch. I swung it almost involuntarily, and the first shot was by far the finest drive I had ever made. I tried again and yet again, and each was as straight and sure as the very best of Lindsay's.

"Well! Did I no' tell ye!" cried the Cardinal, as he hopped about in a grotesque and undignified ecstasy. "Try the putter now!"

I took the putter. It was something like a flat-headed croquet mallet, and very heavy. I threw a matchbox on the ground to represent a hole, and began to putt.

I simply couldn't miss it. A sense of awe came over me. No matter from what distance I played, or how rough the ground was, the ball went straight to the box, as a needle to a magnet. I even tried to miss, and failed.

I looked at His Eminence, and words fail to describe the exultation that shone in his face. "Ye see what they're like," he cried. "Play wi' them, and ye'll win as sure as my name's Alexander Smooton! Ay! And ye've time to wander into the clubhouse and lay yer wagers, if ye're minded to mak' a wheen siller. For the love o' ma auld bones, dse as I tell ye, man!"

"I'll play with the clubs," I said.

It was two o'clock.

How shall I describe what I felt? I could win this match—of that I felt absolutely sure. The Cardinal had hinted at wagers. Well, why not?

I strolled leisurely over to the club. My entrance had something of the effect of oil on troubled waters. Everybody near me ceased laughing. A bow bowed to me, and one or two invited me to have a drink. I asked casually if any bets had been made on the match.

"Not one, don't ye know!" replied O'Hagan, a Scotch youth who cultivated an English accent.

"Anybody want a bet?" I asked. "Of course I should want very heavy odds."

There was a general movement on this. Members gathered round me, some laughing, some chaffing, some whispering. Lowchester growled, "Don't make a fool of yourself, my dear chap. You can't possibly win."

"Still, I don't mind making a bet or two," I persisted. "Will anyone lay me fifty to one?"

"I'll lay you forty to one," said Mr. Grove, the actor, no doubt considering the offer good publicity.

"Done," I replied, and took a note of it.

"So will I!" "And I!" "Put me down for the same!"

A hurried adding of my bets showed me that I stood to lose about £250 or win £10,000.

We moved off to the links. I found the faithful Wetherby waiting for me, and telling him I meant to play with the clubs he was carrying, I walked up to Kirkintuloch. He had the air of a martyr.

"Whaat's this I hear, sir?" he said. "Ye've been wagersin', they tell me."

"I've made a few bets."

"Well, sir, as man to man, if ye'll excuse the leeberty, ye're fair demented. It's no' possible to win. A body loses that. As for meel', I'm the laughin'-stock o' the toon."

"Ah, well!" I answered, "ye'll make them sing to another tune tonight. I am going to play with them."

And unheeding the canvas flap that concealed them, I exposed the weird-looking clubs to his gaze.

"What kin' o' things are they?" he asked, after a portentous pause.

"The clubs I mean to play with," I replied.

"Aweel!" he answered, "that concludes a' relations atween us. I may be dult, but I'm no' a fool. You mus get another caddie. I'll no curry the likes o' thae things."

"My servant is going to carry them," I answered quickly. With this I left him. The clock of the parish church boomed out the half-hour, and I advanced to the teeing ground, with Wetherby at my heels. The honor being Lindsay's, the first drive was his. It was a clean-hit ball, but the wind carried it a trifle out of the course.

Then I took my stand, and received from Wetherby the Cardinal's driver. Of all hearty laughter that my ears have ever listened to, none could equal that of the by-standers who were near enough to see the club. If I had made the most witty joke that mind can conceive, it could not have elicited more spontaneous, prolonged, or uproarious appreciation. Mrs. Gunter's mezzo-soprano rang out in a paroxysm of musical hysterics. The infection spread to the masses of the crowd who were not close enough to see, and they pressed closer, anxious to share and enjoy any new source of merriment. I even felt inclined to join the general hilarity. As it was, I approached the ball with perfect composure and the ghost of a sardonic smile.

And then I drove it.

Away it winged, hard-hit and fast, traveling straight in the line of the hole. I had never, of course, played such a magnificent shot, and the effect on the crowd was electrical. Laughter died of a sudden, as if choked in a thousand throats. Bread grins seemed frozen in the upraised faces around me. Mouths opened unawaresly, eyes stared vacantly at the flying ball.

I think it was Lowchester who first spoke. "A fine shot," I fancied I heard him say.

I had outdriven Lindsay by about sixty yards. His second shot was a good one, landing him some thirty yards short of the bars. As we reached my ball, I selected the Cardinal's ponderous and much-corroded disk. There was amusement at the sight of it, but a nervous curiosity as to my next shot was the predominating note.

I played the shot quite easily. As before, the ball flew straight as a bird in the line of the hole, and dropped dead within a few feet of the flag. A murmur of admiration rose from the crowd, and Lindsay, no longer smiling, said that he had never seen two finer strokes.

He took his lifting iron, and with a very neat wrist shot dropped the ball dead, within a foot of the hole.



I was conscious in a vague fashion of the green links, the blue sky, the purple crowd, splashed here and there with the bright colors of frock and parasol.

A hearty cheer greeted the stroke. It was quite evident that he was the popular favorite. Arrived on the putting green, I advanced with the odd-looking putter. One or two of the spectators sniggered, but for the most part the crowd was silent, and one could almost feel in the air the nervous tension. My ball was about seven feet from the hole. With complete self-possession I went up to it and glanced at the ground.

There was a dead silence.

I played, and the ball dropped into the hole. I was one up on the second round. I had holed out in three.

I half expected a murmur of applause for the put, but a bewildered stupor was the actual effect produced. Only two people appeared to be quite calm and collected, namely, Wetherby and myself. My outward calm gave no index to the wild exaltation that I felt.

As the match proceeded I won hole after hole, often in the most astonishing manner. Twice I landed in bunkers close to the greens (the result of exceptionally long shots), and in each case the Cardinal's iron lifted the ball from the sand and deposited it in the hole.

At the eighth hole, however, I experienced an important reverse. It is, as everybody who knows the St. Magnus links is aware, a very short hole. I took the iron and dropped the ball within a yard of the hole. Lindsay followed, and landed some twenty yards off; and then, by a splendid putt, he holed out in two. I, of course, had no difficulty in doing likewise, and we halved the hole;

but the awkward fact remained that I must now gain every hole to win the match, for my opponent's score was nine up, and there only remained ten holes to play.

I continued playing an absolutely faultless game. Lindsay had become more or less demoralized. At the end of the fifteenth hole his score was reduced to two up, with three more holes to play. That is to say, so far I had won every hole of the second round, with the exception of the short one which we had halved. I had only to win the last three holes to gain the match, nay more, to break the record score of the links!

Each shot, whether my own or Lindsay's, was played in a profound stillness. Even during the marches from shot to shot scarcely a word was spoken; only the dull thud of thousands of feet gave audible token of their presence. Only once did I catch sight of the shadowy Cardinal, and that was at the end of the sixteenth hole, which I had won easily. He was in a rapture of delirious intoxication, for, in the passing glimpse I had, I saw him standing on his head.

My drive at the seventeenth hole (the last but one to be played) was a perfect shot. Lindsay's was comparatively feeble. He was now but one up, and at the end of the hole we sought to be "all square and one to play." I was conscious in a vague somnambulist fashion of the green links, the blue sky, the purple crowd, splashed here and there with the bright colors of frock and para-

continued

The Haunted Major *continued*

sol. Yet these things seemed unreal—the dream background is a land whereof the Cardinal, Lindsay, and I formed the sole population. Pressing on my very brain came the humiliating conviction that I was nothing short of a fraud, a charlatan, a ghostly conjurer's accomplice. Was it an honorable game that I was playing? Would I be justified in taking the money I stood to win? Could I look Mrs. Guster in the face if, crowned with a stolen golfing halo, I asked her to be my wife? These and many other thoughts flashed through my mind as we played the seventeenth hole.

I got on the green in three, Lindsay in four. He then by a remarkably good putt holed out in five. I took the putter, and in a profound and most impressive silence holed out in four. A stifled gasp rose from the crowd.

The score was now all square and one to play.

I stood on the teeing ground of the eighteenth hole. The landscape in front of me was blurred and blotched. The dense crowds on either side of me were as mere isky blotches. The ground at my feet seemed miles away. Only the teed ball was in focus. That I saw clearly.

It was a test moment in my life. I could lose the match if I chose, and keep a clear conscience.

I could play the last hole with my own clubs!

And if I did—well, I'd lose; but by heaven! I'd still be an honorable gentleman.

I caught sight of Lindsay's face. It was white and set, but he looked a manly fellow for all that. It was a cowardly trick to tear the laurels from his brow as I was doing, won after a lifetime's devotion to the game.

And I? Faugh! I would not touch the accursed clubs again. For aught I knew, to win was to sell my soul. . .

"Ye fushianless eediot!" I suddenly heard the words ring in my ears, and at the same moment I saw the Cardinal's deadly face. He was peering into my eyes as if to read my very soul. "What's come over ye? Are ye daft? Tak' ma driver an' catch the ha' the bonniest skite of a'! Dae as I tell ye or I'll hae ye back in the castle and wring the neck o' yer soul wi' me ain hery fingers! Ay, an' I'll haunt ye till the day ye're deid!"

I turned to him and answered, "Ye fend!"

"Beg pardon, sir?" said Wetherby. I had forgotten for the moment, and spoken aloud.

"Give me the driver from Kirkintuloch's bag."

Kirkintuloch heard me, and elbowed his way to my side. He was shaking with excitement. "Will 'ee no jist gang on wi' the one ye've been playin' wi'?" he urged. "Ye're daein' fine!"

"Give me the driver with which I played the first round this morning," I persisted.

During all this the Cardinal was shrieking around me in a whirlwind of red draperies and white bones.

Kirkintuloch drew the driver from his bag and handed it to me. "I think ye're wrong, sir," he whispered, mixing himself up with the demented prelate in doing so.

"For heaven's sake, let no one speak to me!" I cried. "Get out of my way!"

I addressed the hall.

His Eminence sat on it. Crash through his bones went the club. The hall, feebly struck on the top, shot along the grass, and dropped into the burn.

The match was as good as lost!

A shriek of delight, dismay, relief, or anxiety rose from the mob. Then Lindsay stepped to the front.

He drove a magnificent ball. Strange as it may seem, I was suddenly conscious of a wild exasperation at having thrown my chances to the winds. For, after all, my objections to winning had been purely sentimental. The vision of a heavenly and luxurious life with Mrs. Guster seemed to fade. I turned and looked at her. She was as white as a sheet. Ah, what a fool I had been!

But the game was not yet over. And Lindsay made his first serious mistake: "Thank heaven," he exclaimed, with an ill-bred grant of relief, "I've cooked your goose for you at last!"

We were walking toward the burn as Lindsay spoke. I was about to answer when—springing apparently from nowhere—the Cardinal again appeared. Bending toward me, he whispered in hoarse, trembling tones, and with the utmost intensity, "Tak' ma club! Tak' ma club! Tak' ma club—ye eediot!"

"You think I still may win?" I silently asked him.

"Try, man—try!" he shrieked in reply. "I'll see what I can dae!"

And with that he caught up his skirts and flew off in a series of amazing leaps and bounds in the direction of the last hole. At length I saw him halt about twenty



I saw the Cardinal. He was peering into my eyes as if to read my very soul.

yards from the red flag. Then he turned and faced us. I little guessed what his purpose was.

My ball was duly fished out of the burn and dropped behind my shoulder. I returned my own faithless driver to Kirkintuloch, and once again took hold of the Cardinal's. As I did so a telepathic throb of excitement passed through the bystanders. I played the shot.

It eclipsed all my former efforts. I never have seen, nor shall I ever see again, such a hard-hit ball. With a trajectory scarcely higher than that of a rifle bullet at a medium range, it winged its way straight to the hole, dropping eventually within a yard or so of His Eminence. And then, straining my eyes, I saw a sight that started me into a sudden realization of the latter's purpose. He had, so to speak, fished the ball, and now, by a series of skillful kicks, he was directing its course straight to the hole! There was no doubt about it. The Cardinal had so manipulated the ball that I had holed out in three.

But the match was not over yet. Lindsay managed to play a clever second stroke that landed him on the green, some seven feet from the hole.

And now came the supreme moment.

If Lindsay holed out, we halted the match; if he failed I won the day.

The faces of the bottom had become strained. Two women fainted. I looked for Mrs. Gunter, but—thank heaven!—the rich carmine still glowed on her cheeks.

At length, patter in hand, Lindsay approached his ball. The breathing of the crowd seemed to be suspended.

I moved to a spot some six feet from the hole. As I did so my eyes fell on the ground, and I saw a starting and curious sight. My terrible ally, the Cardinal, had stretched himself at full length on the turf. As in a red mist I saw Lindsay strike the ball. I saw it traveling straight and sure to the hole! And then—heavens above us—I saw the Cardinal take a quick and gulping breath, and blow with might and main against the skillfully directed ball! It reached the edge of the hole, trembled a moment on the brink, and then ran off at an angle and lay still on the turf a couple of inches from the hole!

I had won the match!

When I came to myself I found kind friends grouped about me, and my head resting luxuriously on Mrs. Gunter's lap. Just at that moment I caught a glimpse of the ubiquitous Cardinal kicking his heels in the air. The sight so upset me that I went off a second time into a dead faint.

Again I was myself, and this time I felt revived and strong. Presently I found myself being carried shoulder-high by a dozen lusty caddies. A thousand voices were howling, "See, the conquering hero comes!" A thousand hats and handkerchiefs were waving in the air. A thousand smiling faces beamed up into mine.

Mrs. Gunter cried out to me, as I passed her, "You'll dine with the Lowchesters tonight, won't you?"

And turning a smiling and radiant face to her, I answered, "I will."

I was the idol of the hour, not—I may add—an altogether new experience.

At length I was set down in the great bay window of the club, and immediately surrounded by all members who had not made bets with me. At writing tables in distant corners of the room I saw my betting friends busily writing out checks. They did not seem inclined to participate in the enthusiastic ovation. But what did I care? I broke away from the crowd, only to be seized again and carried shoulder-high to the Metropole. I stood facing the crowd on the top step of the main entrance. "Speech! Speech!" rang out on every side.

Holding aloft my right hand as a token that I accepted the invitation, and in the profound silence instantly produced by my action, I said, "My friends, I thank you. I have excelled in all other games, and why not in golf? Again, I thank you."

These simple words completely captivated them, and I retired indoors to a valley of tumultuous cheers.

As an example of how trivial things often imprint themselves on our faded memories during crises of our lives, I remember noting, as I passed through the hall to my suite of rooms, an immense pile of luggage labeled "The Prince Vladimir Demidoff." I had not heard of his intention to visit St. Magnus. In fact, I don't think I'd ever heard of the man at all.

Reaching my room, I stretched myself on a couch, lit a cigarette, and got Wetherby to bring me a stiff brandy and soda. At last, thought I, I had breathing space. Imagine, then, my consternation when I beheld, seated opposite me, His Eminence!

"This is too bad," I cried. "You swore. . . ."

"Hud yer wessant!" interrupted the Cardinal. "I'm here to thank ye and bid ye goodbyes."

"I'm glad to hear it," I muttered sulkily.

"Ye've fought a grand fight," he said, "an' I'm much obliged to ye. But man, there's an' thing that worries me extraordinary! The queer thing is that now my revenge is complete, it doomsa gratify me muckle. Hech, air!—life, maorial or speeritual's, gay disappointin! For a' that I'm much obliged, an' ye'll never see me naier. Goodbye!"

And with that he faded into space, and, truth to tell, he has honorably abstained from haunting me since. From that day to this no mortal eye has seen the bewitched clubs of the ghostly Cardinal of St. Magnus.

Much revived by two hours' sound and dreamless sleep, I dressed at half-past seven, and a few minutes before eight I started for the Lowchesters' house. I need not describe the welcome I received from my host and hostess, Mrs. Gunter, and the other guests, though I was startled when Lindsay said, "I consider your play today nothing short of supernatural."

The dinner was delightful. Excellent food, perfect wine, charming people, and myself the center of interest. I ask no more at such a function. I took my hostess to dinner, of course, but on the other side was Mrs. Gunter, exquisitely dressed in a Parisian triumph of *rouge de Nil* velvet with groups of massive and purple garlands. Several times during dinner I saw her jet-black lashes raised, and felt her glorious eyes regarding me with the rapt gaze of mere worship.

When the ladies had left us I drew Lindsay aside. "I

continued

And then—hensens
above us!—the Cardinal
took a deep breath
and blew against the
skillfully directed ball!



The Haunted Major *continued*

think it is only right to tell you, my dear Lindsay," I began, "that tonight I shall propose to Mrs. Gunter, and if by any chance she should dismiss me, then I leave the field clear for you. I sincerely trust that whatever may happen, we shall always remain friends."

"As far as I am concerned you may be sure of that," replied Lindsay. "But it does seem to me you have been laboring under a delusion. I've never desired to propose to Mrs. Gunter. I'm a married man, with a family of three. More than that, I'm in love with my wife, and not at all with Mrs. Gunter."

"But—good heavens!" I exclaimed, "we agreed—"

"If you remember," he interrupted, "that night at the Racing Club, I wanted to explain these things, but you simply wouldn't hear me."

"Then," I continued blankly, as in a sudden flash of memory I recalled the fact he alluded to, "we've been fighting for nothing."

"Exactly," he replied.

In silence we shook hands, and dropped the matter. Presently we joined the ladies in the drawing room. After a decent interval I drew Mrs. Gunter aside. We sat by each other on a couch concealed from view by a group of palms. A pretty girl in white was playing the *Moonlight Sonata*.

"Mrs. Gunter," I began, "may I say Katherine?"

"Ah! So it has come to this!" she murmured.

"Yes, this," I whispered passionately. "This, that I love you and only you! This, that I am here to ask you to be my wife!"

"It can never be!" she murmured conventionally, and a low cry, half sob, half sigh, escaped her.

"Katherine," I cried, "why not?"

"Because," she answered, as if the words were dragged from her, "I have lost every penny of my fortune. And a penniless woman I cannot, will not, come to you. Unless..." and her voice trembled into silence.

Now I am a man of quick resolution. I can grasp a situation in a moment. In a flash I realized that I alone could never keep this beautiful creature in surroundings worthy of her, at least not without such personal sacrifice as at my time of life would be extremely inconvenient.

Afraid, therefore, that the murmured word, "Unless..." was about to open up possibilities not altogether desirable, I broke the silence: "And so you dismiss me?"

She looked at me for a moment in blank surprise.

Then the ghost of a faint smile flickered over her face, as she answered, "Yes, so I dismiss you!"

I gave a suitable sigh.

The Moonlight Sonata was over. Poor Katherine rose, I followed her to a group of guests in the center of the room, and as I did so she turned and said, "I was going to say, 'Unless you can induce my future husband to

continued



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The Haunted Major *continued*

give me up" when you interrupted me."

"Your future husband?" I exclaimed aghast.

"Yes," she answered serenely. "Let me introduce you to him."

And touching the sleeve of the good-looking foreigner who had taken her in to dinner, she said, "Vladimir, let me present Major Gore," adding to me, "Prince Vladimir Demidoff. Didn't you know that we are to be married next week?"

I murmured confused words of congratulation, and escaped to Lady Lowchester's side.

"Are they really going to be married?" I asked her.

"Of course they are!" replied my hostess. "Why shouldn't they?"

"But—but," I stammered, "she's lost every penny of her fortune!"

"Not she!" replied Lady Lowchester, with a merry ringing laugh. "That's what she tells every man who proposes. She says she finds it an excellent gauge of devotion."

"I see," I answered.

I stood still for a moment. Then I walked over to Lowchester and asked him which was the best train from St. Magnus to London.

END



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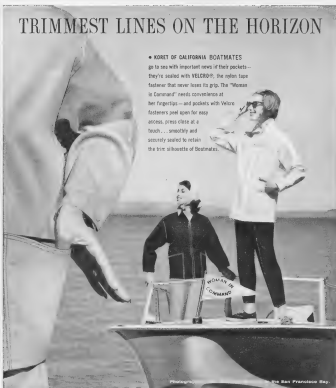


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Drifting to the Derby



How to avoid the noise and confusion of the Kentucky Derby weekend, or floating down to Louisville on the 'Delta Queen'

by JAMES A. MAXWELL

A TAKE RIDE from downtown Louisville to Churchill Downs on Derby Day would, it seems to me, make an excellent screening test for prospective frogmen, paratroopers and fighter pilots. Any man who can maintain dry palms, normal blood pressure and a steady heartbeat throughout the trip obviously has the kind of raw courage these hazardous services need.

In contrast, the average, nonheroic passenger cowers in his seat and reviews his past life with penitent minglings. His cab is part of a great caravan which roams over one-way streets at headlong speed with only inches separating bumpers. As he nears the track, pedestrians seem to disappear beneath the wheels only to emerge miraculously unscathed but profanely abusive. At the end of the journey, his nerves are sufficiently taut to give sympathetic vibrations to the blast of a dog whistle.

There is, however, a therapeutic

value in this mode of travel. It serves as a stimulant which sustains the physical and emotional tension necessary for those who are spending the weekend in Louisville.

For anyone with sufficient interest in horses to know the difference between a furlong and a fetlock, the Derby is always a tremendously exciting, but immediately exhausting, affair. When the event is sandwiched between two feverishly festive, intensely alcoholic nights in Louisville, a man usually finds that, by Sunday morning, his buses have been reduced to foam rubber and his blood to chicken broth.

For a number of years, a friend and I had unusually and wildly overestimated our stamina and gone to Louisville for the weekend. We had always returned looking like advanced cases of beriberi. Last year, however, at the suggestion of my wife, who avoids the Derby as she would a mass hanging but who does

have a scholarly interest in the mortality rate of middle-aged sybarites, my friend and I saw the race but eliminated two-thirds of the drain on our dwindling vigor.

This saving was effected simply by going to and from Louisville on a steamboat, the slowest, most restful, most charming form of transportation man has yet devised.

When the Derby was over, we returned, not to the maelstrom of downtown Louisville but to the calm river front where the Delta Queen was moored. The effect of boarding this gleaming white, four-decked steamboat within a few minutes after leaving the frantic surroundings of the track was as startling as being whisked from Times Square on New Year's Eve and deposited in a peaceful New England village.

There was no breeze and the late afternoon sun turned the maddy Ohio River into a sheet of burnished copper. The boat was quiet and the passengers who had returned earlier were seated limply in deck chairs while stewards brought them drinks.

After a shower, I stretched out on my bunk and listened to the muted

continued

sound of distant towboat whistles and the soft slapping of waves, generated by passing cruisers, against the side of the Queen. After a few minutes my friend came in with bottled beer in a bucket filled with ice.

"Not much like other years, is it?" he said as he poured our drinks.

"Not much," I said.

"Just a few blocks from here," he said, "the hotel bars and restaurants are like San Francisco on V-J day, and some 80,000 parties that started last night are now under way again."

"There came a time when I had to abandon all attempts to break the 109-yard-dash record, too," I said.

"Last night," he said with a note of wonder in his voice, "I slept eight and a half hours. Do you know how long it's been since that's happened on the night before a Derby? In a Louisville hotel on Friday and Saturday nights, I didn't even get a nap. There always seemed to be an American Legion convention and a Notre Dame football rally being held simultaneously on my floor."

"Sleep seemed to improve your judgment today," I said. "You spent a lot of time collecting bets."

"I was sensational," he said proudly, "and I think the credit goes to the boat."

"The boat?" I said.

He nodded thoughtfully. "The horse is an anachronism today and so is the Delta Queen. They go together. Last night we were moving along at, say, ten miles per hour. That gives a man the proper feeling for making selections. On the other hand, picking a 38-mile-an-hour horse on a 500-mile-an-hour airplane is like Waikiki trying to paint his mother with the Lever Building as the background."

Because my friend, like all horse-players, has a childlike faith in whatever Muse, charm or system is momentarily successful, I didn't point out to him that my own day at the track had taken me one step closer to bankruptcy. I did agree, though, that crossing the Queen's gangplank is walking from one era into another.

Except for air conditioning and electric lights, the Delta Queen has made no concessions to the 20th century. As a matter of fact, in the movie *Reinstate Casey* she was able to play, without alteration, her counterpart of the mid-1890s.

Her lines are steamboat classic. Her flat-bottomed hull is 250 by 66 feet, and her white superstructure of four decks rises 50 feet above the waterline. A huge wooden paddle wheel pushes her downstream at a stately 10 to 12 miles per hour and at a somewhat slower speed when she is bucking the current. Her amber décor of oak, walnut and mahogany would seem entirely suitable to a Victorian. There are no radio or television sets aboard to import the problems ashore, and the pilot house contains no radar equipment, now common on large river boats. When fog begins to form on the river, the captain simply takes the Queen to a likely place along the bank, ties her to some stout trees and waits for the weather to clear. Time is a minor factor on the river.

Time, however, has all but elimi-

nated the overnight passenger steamboats on American rivers. Only the Delta Queen remains. She has, fortunately, been in excellent fiscal health during the last few years, thanks to a transference of capital, and continues to make regular cruises to New Orleans, St. Paul, Kentucky Lake and other destinations for about nine months of the year.

There were about 175 of us Derby fans aboard the Queen when she left her home dock in Cincinnati at 8 o'clock on the Friday night before the race. This was about capacity for the boat. The passengers, mostly business and professional men and their wives, came from New York, California and most of the states in between. There were many groups which had been taking the Derby cruise annually for 20 years or more.



GERRY-ROUND LADIES SOAK UP SUN FROM THE STERN DECK OF THE "DELTA QUEEN"

The atmosphere aboard quickly became a familiar as an office picnic. There were numerous private parties on the decks—the cabins served as barrooms—and the passer-by was usually urged to stop, have a drink and join the particular group. All of these gatherings were leisurely and low-pitched. The carefree warmth of a May night, the soft hiss of the boat gliding through the still river, the muted gleam of the Quara's lights on the water, and the slow passage of the shadowy outline of the shore line are a combination which induces a mood of tranquility in even the most hyperthyroid.

In the dining room, which doubles as the dance floor, life was fairly noisy and brisk. The music was fast and gay, and Mary Greene Cleary, granddaughter of the founders of the Greene Line which operates the Quara, was teaching a number of enthusiastic guests to do the Paw-Paw, a traditional steamboat dance.

UP A LAZY RIVER

All of the private parties had ended and the decks were deserted by the time I left the bar and started for my cabin. I stood at the stern of the boat for a while and watched the big wooden paddle wheel churning through the water and setting up a long series of waves which gradually disappeared into the night. The lazy, rhythmic motion had an oddly hypnotic effect, and some effort was required to turn away and start for my cabin.

We had been docked at Louisville for some time when I came on deck. The day was bright, clear and hot. A couple of strollers, deep in conversation about the Derby entries, came by, and I joined them for a few laps around the dock.

A mess steward, ringing the chimes for breakfast, interrupted our walk and we hurried to the dining room. A Paul Bunyan appetite is as indigenous to a steamboat as is suspended-in-space sleep. After I had worked my way through grapefruit, wheatcakes, eggs, bacon, country sausage, fried potatoes, toast and several cups of tar-colored New Orleans coffee, I felt ready to meet the unique challenges of a Kentucky Derby.

The thrill of Derby Day, like the rapture of love, defies rational analysis. Because of the enormous crowd at Churchill Downs, the periods be-

continued

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WELL-KESTED DERBY FANS STROLL FROM THE "DELTA QUEEN" AT LOUISVILLE DOCK.

'DELTA QUEEN' continued

tween races are unconsciously long. To place or collect a bet, buy a drink, visit the paddock or simply to move from point A to point B requires the drive of a fullback, the determination of an ambitious stage mother and the patience of an orchid grower.

But despite frustrations and the inevitably slow pace of events, there is a constant sense of mounting drama. As the seventh race approaches, the excitement has an almost tactile quality. Even the lush sentimentality of the elaborate pre-Derby ceremony fails to dampen the ardor. The "To-the-post" call and the ritualistic parade of the handsome 3-year-olds have an odd effect upon the breathing. In the moments before the starting gates are flung open, all of the 100,000 bodies seem to be tensely elongated toward the starting line.

The two minutes from the instant the horses break until the winner crosses the finish point are the most stirring in American sports.

Most of the Delta Queen passengers were exhausted when they returned from the track—but showers, drinks and an hour or so of deck lounging revived them. Everyone was in high spirits at dinner and there was a general exchange of information about the fortunes of the day.

The boat left Louisville at 8:39 that evening and started upstream toward Cincinnati. There were deck parties, dancing and a fair amount of drinking. The dining room and bar were

like a small, neighborhood country club. Everyone being on a first-name basis, couples moved from table to table with easy familiarity and dancing partners changed constantly. Although the party was still going merrily at 1 a.m., I decided to go to my cabin.

Sunday was a magnificently indolent day on the river. The sky was clear and the day hot, but the Queen, hugging a moderately stiff current, provided a constant cooling breeze. It was a day for lounging, for non-stressuous thinking, for quiet, sporadic conversation, for staring at the passing, pale green hills which looked like an endless landscape painting from the 18th century.

From time to time, towboats, pushing long strings of barges, would go by, and on every occasion, the whistles of the two boats blatted an exchange of greetings. Numerous canoes, each manned by two boys, waited for us to pass and then darted behind the Queen to ride the rollers created by the paddle wheel.

We docked at the Greene Line wharf in Cincinnati about 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Most of the passengers seemed reluctant to leave the boat and join the noisy turmoil of parties, taxis and waiting friends.

I said goodbye to one man who had told me that he'd lost heavily at Churchill Downs. "I hope you have better luck next year," I said.

He glanced up at the pilot house, then shrugged and smiled. "Who needs Miltown?" he said.

END

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10TH HOLE continued

physically on a par with those of the other countries. (I can testify to this, having witnessed the best men of every major wrestling country perform on their native soil.) And certainly no one can dispute the fact that American youth has the will to win.

The answer, I think, is technical, but its import is easily understandable to anyone. In the U.S. the majority of amateur wrestling bouts are carried out under one set of rules, the college standards, while international matches and Olympic Games are conducted under the standards set forth by the International Amateur Wrestling Federation. These are also the rules used in AAU competition. Most of our finest wrestlers are admirably trained to compete with one another but woefully unprepared for bouts outside the country. Until somebody acts to bring the college rules in line with the AAU's and, incidentally, with the rest of the world's, I predict we will have even worse in future international competition than in the past.

College rules should be changed anyway, because they impose restrictions upon the contestants which turn what should be a dynamic struggle into a bore. The avowed purpose of wrestling is to touch an opponent's shoulders to the mat. Yet college rules give credit for simply holding an adversary in a position of disadvantage and gaining what is known as "time advantage." Accordingly, the longer one merely stays on top of a man, the better chance he has to win. A wrestler is reluctant to try to throw his opponent for fear that he might escape to a neutral position. Victory, then, has become a matter of tying up an adversary so that he cannot move.

Under AAU rules, the fall or pin is the object of the bout and the throws and holds permitted to that end are far freer and less conservative than the collegiate style. One of the worst handicaps imposed on the college wrestler is the rule that he must hold his opponent on his back for two full seconds before a fall is effected. The AAU and the Olympic rules call for an instantaneous, or "touch," fall. The collegiate wrestler never dares employ a throw where he might lose control.

Charles Steidel, Penn State's wrestling coach, is mistaken when he says "Olympic wrestling puts too much emphasis on strength." It is lack of technique that is losing Olympic titles for us, and I put that responsibility squarely in the laps of the college coaches.

HENRY WITTENBERG

New York City

HUCKLEBERRY

Sirs:

In your Jan. 11 issue there was an article concerning fishing through the ice in the Minnesota lakes by Colin Pinshy. It was very interesting to us, and I'm wondering if you can find the rules for the "backback" and game as played by the fishermen. We originally lived in Mac-

back," as we called it, when it was too hairy to play golf. None of my friends can recall how to play the game.

ELMER JACOBSON
West Palm Beach, Fla.

● Hucklebuck, or huckelosity buck, is a five-card poker-easy-bridge game which is played by few other than the ice fishermen of Park Rapids, Minn. But it was brought to Park Rapids from the Marshall area by Bill Knowles, a former resident. Here are the rules for four players: Five cards are dealt and the top card of the deck is turned over and that suit becomes trump. At this point players can drop out or draw up to five additional cards. On the play, players must follow suit but can trump, as in bridge. A player receives one point for each trick taken. If a player cannot take a single trick he is penalized by a loss of points up to three points and an additional "X" penalty which is agreed upon before the game. First man to gain 15 points wins. If six play, 12 points usually wins and four cards are dealt to people who stay. If more than six play, two decks are used, with deuces, treys, fours and fives removed.—ED.

BASEBALL: WAY BACK YONDER

Jim:

The passing of the New Orleans Pelicans (SI, March 26) evoked many memories. However, the Dixie Walker you mentioned is not the famous outfielder who subsequently became known as the "People's Chorus" in Brooklyn. The Dixie Walker of the Pelicans was a pitcher who had his best years between 1915 and 1920 and held the Southern League strikeout record for many years. I saw him pitch many times, and it was always a mystery why he did not have a successful major league career. The New Orleans club sent many notables to the majors; those who come to mind are Joe Sewell, Buddy Myers, Ray Gardner, Bob Smith (all shortstops), Ross Hargreaves, Mel Harder, Roy Weatherly, Eddie Morgan, Carl Lunde and, way, way back yonder, George Robe, who, I believe, played third base for the White Sox Illinois Wonders.

Also pretty far back in baseball history was the famous Sergeant Jim Bagley, a pretty good switch hitter, but more renowned for his fabulous pitching record with the Cleveland Indians. I think he was the first pitcher ever to hit a home run in World Series play. This was the same Series in which Second Baseman Bill Wambsgans of Cleveland made his unassisted triple play.

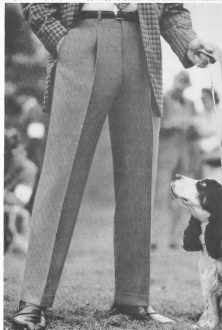
M. R. FRENKEL

Birmingham

● Mr. Frenkel is right. The Pelicans' "Dixie" Roy Walker is not the same man as the Dodgers' "Dixie" Fred Walker.—ED.

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Pat on the Back



DeWITT COULTER

'Since the sixth grade'

Tex Coulter grew up in an orphanage in Fort Worth, and what security he found at first stemmed from his six-foot-five, 270-pound frame. After service in World War II he earned an appointment to West Point, played two seasons at tackle on the great Blanchard-Davis football team of 1944-1945. Later he turned to the pro game with the New York Giants and the Montreal Alouettes.

Four years ago, at 31, Coulter quit football and settled in Montreal to become an artist. "To most people the switch seemed incongruous," recalls Coulter now, "but I had wanted

to be an artist 'since the sixth grade. I always believed... that the only security I have is my own talents."

The switch from football to art was not easy until by dogged application Tex made a commercial artist of himself. Today his sports paintings, rendered with almost photographic realism and in brilliant easel colors, are much in demand across Canada. Like many an orphaned boy, Coulter is deeply interested in children and spends his spare time coaching at the Y. "You'd be surprised how you can live or die over a basketball game," muses Coulter the artist.



Abdul Hassan counts the chips in his Tessera Corlon floor

same size, would not have 2443 vinyl cubes, unless by pure coincidence. The cubes, you see, are set entirely at random in the translucent vinyl that surrounds them. This randomness, in fact, is one of the joys of Tawera. There's never been a floor like it. For free swatch, write Anstruth, 9304 Wentos Rd., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 4D-5, Box 919, Montreal, Quebec.

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